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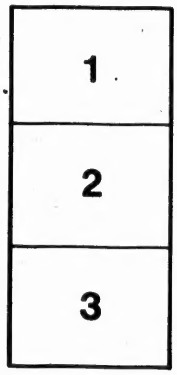

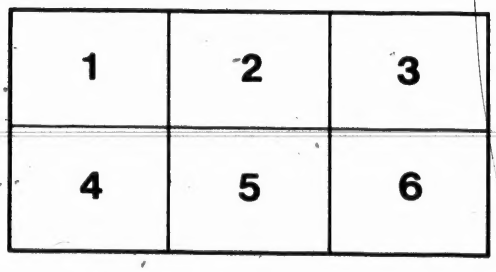

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

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SPIRIT OF THE AGE

OR

FAITH AND INFIDELITY

AN ESSAY BY

JOSEPH K. FORAN, LL.B.

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† J. THOMAS, EPUS-OTTAWIENSIS.

To his father and mother, as a token of filial affection, this little Essay is dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

About eighteen months ago, I found it necessary, in order to preserve or rather re-establish my health, to abandon for a time the cares, labors and monotony of a law office and seek elsewhere that mental quiet and physical exercise, which study and sedentary work rendered imperative.

For a while I was doubtful whether to go South or West; but happily the idea flashed upon me, that far away in the North, in those regions where winter lingers longest and where the white flake falls earliest upon the pine-branch, where the air is purer, colder, more invigorating and consequently health-

ier, I would find that which I sought and for which I might vainly seek amidst the forests of the South, where "blazing Suns fiercely shed intolerable day," and death accumulates his poison at the foot of the lotus.

Knowing, however, that with no definite object in view, I would certainly find the days lengthen into weeks, the weeks into months and that loneliness would intrude upon my path and mar the pleasure that reviving strength must doubtlessly create; I therefore entered into the lumber business and with the charge of a depot and two shanties, I commenced, on the first of December 1883, at the head waters of the Black-River, my new career.

During my first winter in the woods, I occupied my time in supplying the shanties with provisions, measuring the timber and

logs and receiving the contractors; while thus employed I found sufficient time to hunt. Game was plentiful, from the timid grouse to the antlered monarch of the woods, the moose. I also kept a diary, which contains full and ample descriptions of the lumber operations, the shanties, the *modus operandi et vivendi* of the real backwoods-man, the habits and manners of the wandering Indian bands that prowl around the timber-maker's little forest home, and, finally, of the physical aspects of the country.

The diary is a mere journal of events and it contains very few fruits of study and reflection.

During my second year, in the woods, I was fresh in mind and strong in body and my leisure moments were sometimes numerous, consequently I gave myself more to

study and thence sprang into existence the following essay.

Sir Alexander Selkirk asks :

> " O ! Solitude, where are the charms,
> Which sages have seen in thy face ? "

Had I but time I could count them by the score,—their name is legion. As I sit at my office window and gaze out upon the beautiful little lake that lies nestled between those pine-clad hills,—an October sun shining upon its trout-filled waters,—an October breeze fanning the brow of the gayly bedecked up-lands and an October pencil painting, with countless hues, the birch and maple leaves and as I contemplate the year slowly dying and can almost count its hours and catch its sighings, as it draws towards its grave,—I naturally turn from nature to

nature's lord, from inanimate to animate existence, from the panorama before me to man, the master-piece of creation, and I behold those same seasons working in another and a grander sphere.

> "Age will come on with its winter,
> Though happiness hideth its snows;
> And if youth has its duty of labor,
> The birth-right of age is repose."

Again when I know that this little lake is the source of the Black-River—the Avon Dhu of Canada—that it is the cradle of that rapid stream, which we can trace in its career, through mountain gorges and over frowning precipices on down, until it flings its tributary portion into the Ottawa, which in its turn blends with the St. Lawrence, which latter is soon lost in the vast Atlantic; when I trace, in imagination, this stream

"from its source to its haven of rest," and behold it "a picture of life and its pleasures,

> Its troubles—its cradle—its shroud,
> Now light, with the glow of the sunshine,
> Now dark, with the gloom of the cloud—"

I naturally fall into deep study and man's career on earth is its object. From man, the lord of creation, I turn to the Lord and Creator of man, thus following that golden chain that binds earth to heaven, man to God, the lowest being in existence to the highest of all beings—"the one, almighty, all-inspiring Power, whom we call God—and know no more!"

From such study has this essay found existence. As I have been unable to carry books with me, most of my quotations will be from memory and should I mistake in a word, let not the blame be imputed to my

intention, but merely to my faulty memory.

At times this essay may be descriptive, again it may contain expressions of admiration and wonder at the workings of God; perhaps, at times, whole pages may be found consecrated to reflection; in some parts you will discover refutations of certain errors that prevail in our day. *Logic* may blend with *Rhetoric; Ontology* may unite with *Poetry; Psychology* and *Literature* may walk side by side, or even *Natural Theology* may shake hands with *Nature* herself over the grave of *The Spirit of the Age.*

The study of the subject and the penning of those few pages served to while away many an hour of solitude and should they now, with the blessing of God, procure a moment's pleasure or even afford an atom of instruction to the humblest or poorest in the land, I will feel my labor repaid—and

should they serve to crush out one error or light up one more torch of truth, I will thank God and return the glory to whence it comes.

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ESSAY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

OR

FAITH AND INFIDELITY.

How many we hear speaking about *the spirit of the age*, and, yet, how few are prepared to define that creature of the mind, to tell exactly in what it consists, whence it springs, what *role* it plays in the great drama of existence or what influences it possesses!

When we speak of *the age*, we doubtlessly refer to the century in which we live—consequently from the expression *the spirit of*

the age, we naturally infer that each successive period in the history of the world has had its particular *spirit*, different from that which held sway in preceding or succeeding epochs, and that *our* age has also a spirit peculiar to itself. Without going any further we will ask ourselves two questions and then strive, as best we can, to answer them correctly.

Firstly : what is *the spirit of the age?* and secondly : what is *the spirit of* OUR *age?*

The spirit of the age is that certain motive power which governs the actions of men, holds a predominating influence over moral lives and sways, either for good or evil, their social relations, whether as between individuals or between peoples. It originates in the continual changes to which the human family is prone and in the ever fluctuating circumstances, different in each age, that surround and throng the avenues of life. It

is either good or evil, according to the accident of the alternate ascendency of virtue or vice in the bosom of humanity. It pervades every social system, breathing its influence, beneficial or baneful, upon the world and bending at will and directing the actions of men. It is that which shapes for man, as an individual and for a nation, as the aggregate of individuals, their different courses at divers epochs. Its object must seemingly be the happiness of the human race—yet, when springing from an impure source and nurtured in frivolty or crime, although it apparently tends towards the greater happiness, it really leads the way and clears the path to destruction, sorrow, sin and death! It changes with the ideas of men. It is influenced by education as well as by ignorance; it is moulded after the fashions, the vices, the habits or the virtues of the hour. Its

cradle may be the rising splendors of a new civilization or the mouldering ruins of a perishing barbarism : its tomb, also, may be the vortex of thoughtless vanities, or the sombre shades of ruined cloisters. It is a *vitality*, not a *living being*. Words cannot define it exactly, the mind alone can conceive it. Suffice to say that it governs our lives and our actions and directs our aims to good or evil as the case may be.

Now we will enter upon the consideration of the second and, for us, most important question : "What is the spirit of *our* age?" After having found it out we will examine whether it is a spirit of good or evil—whether it is to be cherished, guarded and encouraged or else to be disowned, checked, and destroyed. If we find, unhappily, that it belongs to the darker category, it will behoove us to seek for that spirit

which should replace it and whose happy influences would overcome its sad effects. Having found that true spirit, it will become our duty to point out the means whereby the one may be banished and forever extinguished, as also the means whereby the other may be established upon the throne of the unworthy predecessor.

Therefore this essay shall be divided into three distinct chapters. In the first, we will investigate the question, "what is the spirit of our age?" and having answered it, we will prove the truth of our answer and then consider whether it is a spirit of good or evil. In the second chapter we will seek for the opposite or counter-balancing spirit. And in the third chapter, we will contrast the two—point out the arms to be used most effectively in the mighty struggle, and indicate the

order of battle necessary, that victory may perch upon the proper banner.

Such is a synopsis of the whole essay, which in itself is but a feeble synopsis of a gigantic subject—a subject that embraces literature, science, art, philosophy, theology—a subject, like Chimborassa the monarch of mountains, lofty in its proportions, wonderful in its grandeur, based on earth and reaching the heavens, round whose base things may moulder, round whose summit eternal lights must play; rugged and difficult is the ascent, dizzy and dangerous the precipices—yet grandeur is stamped upon its features and majesty adornes its heights. Such is the subject and oh! for the pen of a St. Thomas or a Fenelon, of a Newman or a Manning to do it justice! Like Phaeton of mythological lore, if we attempt to guide the coursers of too powerful a chariot, at least it

can be said of us, with Ovid: "he failed in a great undertaking."

Trusting then in that All-inspiring and All-guiding Power above, that can "cast down the powerful from their seats and elevate the humble" to their places,—that All-seeing, Almighty Power that reaches from end to end, that flashes in the lightnings and speaks in the mighty volumes of the thunder, that whets the sword of justice, leads the hosts of heaven and earth, directs the patriot's arm and guides the prophet's pen,—trusting in Him, it is with confidence that we enter upon our subject, hopeful that it may be blessed and may, in its turn, draw down blessings.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF OUR AGE ?

Ask the question to some and they will make answer that INVENTION is the grand moving spirit of our age. It is true that within the last hundred years wonders, undreamed of, marked every passing hour. The printing-press improved lends its powerful aid in diffusing knowledge over the face of the earth. The lightnings of heaven have been grasped by the genius of man, and today the electric spark carries the pulse of speech, over continents and under miles of ocean, with more certainty and precision than all the messengers of the past, even though they should have been endowed with the swiftness of the race-horse or provided

with the pinions of the eagle. The gigantic ships are built and steam is utilized to wonderful effect. The monster train, freighted with human lives, whirls along through mountain gorges, over tubular bridges, past towns and capitals with the produce of the very antipodes. The telescope has detected those systems of planets rolling in the bosom of space, Neptune three hundred millions of miles beyond the sun and again a new system commencing where the suns of Neptune cease to revolve. Gun powder, and the terrific rifle gun, "levelled with a precision of the most deadly science," casting its charge against the battlements of cities or into hosts of human beings. The destructive torpedo, striking when least expected, and spreading death and ruin on all sides. The dynamite and its off-spring the infernal machine, agents of terror and a wild train of murderous

horrors. These and a thousand other inventions mark the age in which we live.

We have the sewing-machine to spare the fingers of toiling poverty and to render almost meaningless Tom. Hood's exquisite "Song of the Shirt." We have the mowing-machine and reaper—that replace the scythe and cradle and create as great a revolution in our harvest labors as did, of old, the armed chariot of the fierce Scythian in the science of ancient warfare. We would never end were we to attempt to name the inventions that have sprung up and that daily appear in our midst. Yet despite all the changes brought about by the means of those innovations, still *Invention is not* the spirit of our age. It may aid that spirit, as the faculty of sight, aids the body.

There are others who will tell us that the spirit of our age is *Progress.* Most certainly

this is an age of real progress—but progress itself is merely a consequence of the new circumstances in which we find ourselves. The numberless inventions just spoken of must necessarily be the cause of a great progress in the world. Yet, if *Invention* is not the spirit of the age, no more can *Progress*, the child of invention, be styled that spirit.

Civilization, springing up from the shades in which it slumbered for a length of time, starts forth and, with giant strides, paces the earth from East to West. Humanity came forth from out the far East and marched on towards the extreme West of Europe; there the vast Atlantic stayed its progress, until, in the person of Columbus, it leaped the expanse of waters and commenced on the Easternmost shore of America its triumphal march towards the West.

As it moved along more rapidly every

year, new fields spread out before it, fresh countries appeared in its path. Mountain ranges were scaled, prairies traversed, rivers bridged, lakes explored, inland seas navigated and, to-day, all the fables of ancient lore, all the miracles of former achievements, and all the expectations of other ages realized, pale before the *progress* of the last century. And yet *progress is not* the spirit of our age.

Then if invention and progress, the two great beacons that glimmer upon the summits, and cast their radiance upon the nineteenth century, are, neither one nor the other, the real spirit of our age—where are we to seek for it? Who will name it? What, in fine, is it?

Invention is local, not universal. It is confined to the peoples of a certain race and there are millions still living who partake

not of its benefits. The spirit of our age must not be confined to one or more peoples, cannot be circumscribed in its influences by space or distance : it must reign in every clime and amongst every people, it must govern in the world.

Progress may triumph in the West, but it is on the decline in the East. While its banner floats from the Rockies to the Alleghanies, from Maine to Brazil, from the peaks of the Alps to the coasts of Britain, from the depths of Germanic forests to the bleak shores of the Caspian, it has completely disappeared from the Tigris to the Jordan, from the cape of Good Hope to Arabia. The walls of the Celestial Empire seem to forbid its entrance and the vast regions from the plains of Hindoostan to the Cashmerean valleys have, as yet, never made echo to the clarion notes of progress.

Therefore progress cannot be that spirit which enters into every land, touches with a magic touch every nation, fanning the universe, like a breeze o'er the halcyon's nest, bringing calm, hope and happiness—when the spirit is for good,—but sweeping, like a dreaded simoon over the gardens of peace, shedding from its wings poison and turmoil, misery and death, when the spirit is for evil.

No! neither of these is the spirit of our age.

It is something more powerful than either Invention or Progress. It is something more terrible for society, more awful in its effects upon human destiny, both here and hereafter. It is something that extends beyond the limits of time and bears fruits throughout the endless cycles of eternity. It is a hydra of a million heads, that, with the serpent's cunning and the serpent's venom,

crawls into the garden of existence, blasting and killing wheresoever it finds life, hope, or happiness. It is like the poison tree of Java, spreading its verdant branches aloft, while whithering the soil that gave it birth. That spirit is awed by no virtue, subdued by no kindness and crushed by no correction. With it "gold has no value, birth no distinction, station no dignity, beauty no charm, age no reverence; or should we not say that with it every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades and all the arts, the decorations, and accomplishments of life, stand like a beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the world that its approach is danger, its contact, death?"

What then, we ask once more, is the spirit of our age? and we make answer that it is INFIDELITY!

Cast your eye over the moral map of the

universe, to-day, "once studded with the stars of empire and the splendors of philosophy;" gaze down into the corridors and million avenues of our cosmopolitan society and behold at every turn and upon every side, reigning supreme or struggling for supremacy, the spirit of Infidelity. It breathes in the very cottages; it flourishes neath the richly adorned domes of the wealthy; it hovers over the cradle of childhood and lingers, phantom-like, around the couch of death; it walks, side by side, with man, from the dawn, to the mid-day and on towards the sunset of life; it is engendered in ignorance; it is nourished upon science; it is proof against peril; it is endowed with ubiquity; it governs almost universally; it seeks an omnipotence, in a word, it is the spirit of *our* age,—cold, hollow, hopeless, faithless, prayerless, remorseless INFIDELITY!

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In a multitude of forms does Infidelity resent itself for our contemplation and udy. Sometimes it appears openly and can e more readily combated ; more often, how-ver, it is clothed in the garb of hypocrisy, ping Chistianity while hiding, beneath its antle, the symbol of its purpose. In the tter case it is more difficult to detect and vercome. Brilliant in color, attractive in eauty, it glimmers before us, along the high-ay of life, like the marsh-light that "shines ut to lead us astray." It may tempt us on, ointing upwards, drawing our attention to he beauties above, while causing us to over-ook the precipice at our feet. Infidelity, when thus armed, is more dangerous than we can imagine. It points out to us "joys hat but allure to fly" ; it offers man "hopes hat vanish while he sips" ; it is, as Moore so truthfully pictures it, "like dead-sea fruits

that tempt the eye, but turn to ashes on the lips."

We will first examine unmasked Infidelity. It reigns openly and is easy to detect. Then we will turn our attention to Infidelity hidden, deceptive, hypocritical. The latter will be harder to detect and more difficult to combat; but we will not cease until we have tracked the reptile to its spawning place and having dragged it into light, we leave it a dismembered and shattered remains before the eyes of the world—a lesson, drawn from the past, to be studied by the present and to serve as a warning for those yet to be.

The most open Infidelity we behold in the Atheist. There are numbers in the world who glory in the name of Atheist—yet I doubt very much, if ever there lived a real, sincere Atheist,—a man who in his inmost

soul and while in the solitude of his thoughtful hours, calmly and honestly said to himself "there is no God!" I doubt very much if there ever lived that man, who, when the passions of life were chilled and all its allurements fled, when the hectic appeared on his brow and the world, with all its pomps and attractions, was fading before him,—who when the great inevitable hour was at hand and the gate that hangs between time and eternity swung afar, could calmly say and believe that all was over, that he was about to plunge into nonentity, that there could be no hereafter—no God! It is doubtful whether such a being ever did or ever could exist.

But let us take the Atheist at his word! There are many of them in society to-day. He tells us that there is no God! He would efface that Being whom we style God: he

would wipe Him out from the book of existence. He tells us that everything came by chance and that the will of man is supreme, the only ruling power, the only Deity, if we needs must have such a being. He doubts everything, he even doubts his own existence,—he might reflect for a moment upon Descarte's axiom : "*Cogito, ergo sum.*"

A man has a rifle and he fires at a post and strikes that post. There may be a doubt as to whether he aimed at that post or whether he merely hit it by accident. A thousand men have each a rifle and all fire and all strike the same post; there is no longer any doubt, certainly it could not be by accident that each of the thousand hit the same object. They must have purposely aimed at it.

So with the world, with all creation. Had we but one blade of grass, or one tree, or

only one lake, or one mountain, or just a single star in the sky, or only one season in the year, some half-wise, half-witted individual might say that it was accident that brought it into such a position. From the highest mountain-top to the smallest grain of sand on the seashore, from the furthest planet that we can detect in the realms of space, to the humblest light that flickers in the cottage of the indigent, each object in creation and all the objects in creation united, proclaim in a mute, harmonic eloquence, the power, the glory and the infallible existence of God the Creator ;—man, alone, made to His image and likeness, has the audacity to deny him, to rise up in a pigmy strength and confront the All-ruling, All-creative Potentate! It is a wonder that we do not daily find an application, in some unhappy Atheist, of those glowing lines of

Milton upon Satan's downfall from heaven:

> "Him the Almighty Power
> Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
> With hideous ruin and combustion, down
> To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
> In adamantine chains and penal fire,
> Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

But no! To-day He is the God of Mercy, —but to-morrow He may be the God of Justice!

The atheist will tell us that the genius of man is supreme. I agree that man, although but a worm, a drop of water in the sea, a grain of sand along the shore, is powerful. All the inventions spoken of sometime ago and millions un-mentioned attest the power, the greatness, the genius of man. But, then, if man's genius, from Adam to our day and what is to exist from our day to the end of

time, were collected together and redoubled and multiplied by a million times in strength and all brought to bear, in one mighty effort, yet all that power, and genius, and strength, and will of man *could not stop one thought from flashing through my mind.*

My mind is but a simple breath of God. Now, if on the borders of the spirit-land, if at the confines of the material and upon the threshold of the spiritual, man's power fails to prevent one thought from darting through my mind, how, in the name of all that is reasonable, can man expect to wipe out and destroy the God that created that mind and of whom it is but a breath! Nature confounds reason. Look where you will and you behold the workings of an unseen power. Man has certainly the power to destroy, but he cannot create. The chemist can decompose a blade of grass, take the tissue from

the fibre, the oxygen from the hydrogen; but there his power ends. He can never unite them again and give back the simple vegetable life to the herb he has destroyed.

Man can tear down, but he cannot build up. He can destroy animal life, but he cannot restore it. Man can cut the chord of life that unites the soul and body of his fellow man, but he cannot follow that soul beyond the tomb, be cannot annihilate it. Even his power to destroy is limited. Man can build a steam-engine, but he cannot create the iron and other metals necessary for the accomplishment of the work. And had they never come into existence through means of an *Ens creativum*, man could never have an engine.

No Atheist! you mistake! We cannot spend any more time with you, we have others more dangerous to look after. When

you have lived thirty years of labor and virtue; performed miracles for three years; cured the sick and lame; given sight to the blind; commanded the dead to arise; suffered a passion of love; carried a cross to some new Calvary; died; in three days burst the barriers of the tomb; appeared to the world; ascended into heaven—then, and not till then you may criticise—then you will equal God—then we can listen to you. But, in the meanwhile be silent, and confront not history both sacred and profane, confront not traditions the most cherished and holy, confront not God with your sophistry, with the wild and maniacal ravings of every petty blasphemer!

The Son of the Most High, upon the summit of Golgotha, "with a nail through His hand for a pen, and crimson blood for ink, wrote his name upon every page of

history, from the dawn of redemption to the sunset of time." You cannot efface that name—the characters are indelible! Look into your own heart and listen to your own inward voice! Be silent and tremble!

We shall again have occasion to refer to the Atheist and his neighbor the Deist. We find Infidelity proclaimed aloud by the Pantheist, the Materialist, and the professed pagan. The Turk, the followers of Mahomet, the Chinee, the Japanee, the Hindoo and numberless others are Infidels in one sense of the word. To them we will have ample occasion to refer in the course of this little work. But this is an Infidelity that arises from ignorance of the truth, that springs from the darkness of their situation. It is not culpable as that, which amongst other races, more enlightened, is born in science and learning.

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Open, professed Infidelity is to be found in many of the nations to-day. In our second chapter we will touch upon it, in full, and in the third chapter we will strive to indicate the best and most effective means to destroy it.

For the present let us turn to that hidden Infidelity which pervades the world, which blasts with its poisoned breath the aspirations of youth, the support of age, the peace of this world and the hopes for the next. That Infidelity enters unabashed the very sanctuaries of piety, the very asylums of learning; it spares neither the relics of the past nor the treasures of the present; it shuns neither the resorts of vice nor the altars of devotion; it is masked with the domino of Christian zeal, piety, charity and perfection while it steals away the child from the mother's knee, the wife from the hus-

band's arms, the Priest from the sanctuary, man from God, humanity from peace, love, happiness, heaven!

That we may the better know our enemy and the better confound him, let us seek out his birth-place! Let us look for that accursed spot, that unhallowed land which engenders such plagues and sends them forth upon their mission of desolation! Let us find out the great nursery of Infidelity in the world! Is it into the dens of iniquity that we must go, or is it to the places of scandal, the gambling--hells, etc? No! Where then is that home and birth-place of Infidelity? It is on all sides of us, in every land and in every clime: THE SECRET SOCIETIES ARE THE PARENTS OF INFIDELITY, THEIR LODGES ITS BIRTH-PLACE!

The Nihilists of Russia, the Radicals of Germany, the Communists of France, the

Carbonari of Italy, the Illumini of Europe, the Free-masons of the world, are the fosterers, the propagators, the great leading spirits, the patrons and fathers of Infidelity in the world to-day!

This assertion and at the same time accusation may strike many with astonishment; yet it is true and its truth we purpose proving. In the name of society, of Christianity, of civilization we arraign the secret societies of the world and, in particular, the great masonic society, before the tribunal of public opinion, we accuse them of subverting the social order, of instilling Infidelity into the world, of propagating that curse of humanity and sowing the seeds of irreligion. Therefore we accuse them of treason to humanity, which they seek to lead astray; of treason to society which they strive to pervert; of treason to authority and order which

is "heaven's first law;" of treason to man, as an individual or as a member of his family, whose happiness they destroy; of treason to God whom they ever indirectly and continuously attack! Let them and the world read the proof and let an impartial reader give the verdict! Let that verdict be a warning to those who yet enjoy their freedom, untrammelled by the chains of any secret junto, unshackled by the oaths of any organized tyranny and may it be, for those who innocently have been led into the snare, a timely word to prevent their advancement, before retreat becomes impossible!

We dont think it necessary to enter into the multitude of distinctions between secret societies of different countries and bearing different names, nor would our space permit. But should any of those societies desire to know how much *is known about them*, they

have but to ask for it and we promise them a full essay upon the subject, in which we shall go to the deep-most recess and unearth some of those heartless, bloodstained secrets that, unperceived, canker the heart of humanity.

> "In the woods of the North,
> There are insects that prey
> On the brains of the elk,
> 'Till his very last sigh!"

So those insects feed quietly upon the brains and life-blood of society, and in secret sap its last supports and extract its last drops. For the present we principally refer to the Masonic Society, that mighty tree whose roots are so deep in the earth and whose branches spread so widely above!

The first and greatest boon held out to those who seek the protection of the secret societies, or those whom the societies seek

to allure into their snare, may be found expressed in those three words that were once written, in characters of blood, upon the banners of the French Revolution—LIBERTY, EQUALITY and FRATERNITY! Glorious words! Magnificent expressions! Attractive, lofty, noble in themselves; but deadly and dark in their perverted application! Words that, like the warning of Baltazzar, in the very feast of triumph are emblazoned upon the walls! The *Mene, Thekel, Phares* of the new dispensation! Let us examine the Liberty offered, the Equality procured, the Fraternity conferred by the secret societies upon the world and then let us see how they tend, all three, towards one end—the destruction of Authority, the wiping out of God,—towards Infidelity herebelow and the horrid hope of annihilation hereafter!

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Spirit of Mazzini, arise and proclaim to
he world the deception whose powerful
gent you once were, whose impotent vic-
im you now are! Shade of Lolla Montes,
it once more across the scene of life; but in
our passage stay for a moment to warn
umanity, telling of your own fate and
ointing to your own error! Hand of Gueb-
erti, wave once more above the masses, not
holding the dripping *stiletto,* but lifting aloft
the glittering cross! Blood of Rossi, take
ife, and from the steps of the Querinal de-
nounce to the world the authors of that fearful
deed, which made Rome shudder in 1848
and caused the world to stand in awe and
terror for years after the event! Palma, arise
and deliver the panegyric of that Liberty
which imprisoned your chief and attempted
your own life! Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi,
come forth and define again, or let "Leo

Taxil" do so for you, that glorious (?) Equality that you offered humanity! Voltaire, J. J. Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, Condorcet, Desmoulins, Marat, Danton, Robespierre, Santerre, Samson, awake one and all that the world may renew that bond of Fraternity which you strove to establish so firmly! But we call, conjure in vain! The dead return not, but the living are still active!

[Since the above was composed, "Leo Taxil," or G. J. Pagès, the infidel author of the scarlet pamphlets, the God-hater, the man-deceiver, the speaking-trumpet of French Free-masonry, the second edition of Voltaire, has become a Catholic. I think I should say that he has returned to the Catholic faith, which in an hour of pride and sinfulness he abandoned, for the hollow, empty vacuum called Masonry. Sick of their

Liberty, tired of their Equality and feeling the humbug of their Fraternity, he has abandoned it all for the pure faith of his youth. I trust that the pen of Leo Taxil will not be silent. I hope it may give to the world, over his *nom de plume*, the refutation of the errors into which he fell and which he propagated with all the strength of his perverted mind! His conversion is a greater miracle than all the bodily cures that we are told take place at sacred shrines. He was the friend of Garibaldi and for that reason did I refer to him."]

Herculaneum has been buried over eighteen hundred years, it cannot be totally excavated, never will it see again the light of day. The inhabitants of Rescina lead the traveller to a house over which is written, "*Herculano*," and they conduct him down its winding, dark staircase into an Amphitheatre of the buried city. Vesuvius still burns, moans,

groans and warns. Would it be wonderful if, in years to come, the people of some new village would conduct the sight-seeker adown new passages and fresh lava-steps to visit the ruins of buried Rescina? Such might happen—and still would the beauty and perfection of nature adorn Naples and its bay—still the "blue cave" would glimmer as perfect in Caprae's isle as to-day, or as when Domitian made it the haunt of vice.—Such might happen and still the world would turn, the sun would rise over the brown heights of Ischia, illumine at noon, with fiery pencil, the blue waves of Baiæ and sink to rest beyond the purple Appennines!

So with us, in our study, we may be led by the spirits into the caves, the ruined splendors and shattered hopes of buried Illuminism—but let us not forget the volcano that threatens to burst forth at any moment,

as powerful, as dreadful, as destructive as ever! Shall we linger around Herculaneum and not warn the people of Rescina of the fate that o'erhangs them—the death that [illegible]ers but to strike—suspended, like the sword of Democles, by a slender thread?

A traveller lands at the Piræus and drives from the quay in the direction of Athens! He enters the city and beholds those long, white, clean, regular streets, regular as those of Philadelphia, upon all sides of him,—the street of Eœlus, leading from the Place of Concord to the old market at the foot of the distant citadel, the street of Hermes crossing at right angles, and reaching from the Place of the Constitution on to the modern suburbs. He passes the Tower of the Winds and a Greek Cathedral and draws up for refreshments at the Café Solon. As yet he is in a modern city of the nineteenth century!

After his repast he strays out upon University street, turns into Byron street and finally reaches the foot of the Acropolis. He ascends the Hill of Mars, where St. Paul preached, and then amongst the gorgeous ruins of the Parthenon—between columns of marble and granite—towards the base of that time-honored rock. He scrambles along, until, at last, leaning over the battlements, he gazes down upon the city of the "Violet Crown."

Now, for the first time, does Athens appear before him,—the Athens of other days,—the Athens of Homer and Sophocles, of Demosthenes and Euripides, of Pericles and Solon,—the Athens even of Kanaris and Marco Bozzaris! Bathed in the sunset, he beholds Hymettus smiling; clothed in a shadow, he sees Lycabetus frowning, with its inextinguishable hermitage light.

"The Mountains look on Marathon.
And Marathon looks on the sea"—and beholds the blue Ægean bespangled with Isles of beauty, fragrant with olive and pepper-trees! Yonder is Sunium; nearer still is "Sea-born Salamis." He pauses and as he catches a glimpse of an open space in Byron street, the one whose name was given to that avenue appears before him and united they sing:

"The Isles of Greece! The Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung—
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung,—
Eternal summer gilds them yet!
But all, except their sun, is set!"

The traveller descends from the Acropolis; he rambles along the busy Stadion Way and behold! he is once more in a modern city. Nothing to recall the days of

Ulyssus — nothing but active, every-day life. Still he feels how closely connected he is with the past. He knows that one step and the hyphen between Antiquity and the Present is broken!

We are travelling into the domain of Infidelity—of secret Societies—of Illuminism! At first we are merely going over topics of the hour, beholding every day scenes and contemplating the present in all its modern glitter, regularity and show. But we ascend the great citadel, amidst the Parthenon-ruins of worse than pagan idolatry—thence we look down and the scene changes, the picture of Infidelity in other days, of secret Socialism in other epochs, spreads out before us, displaying, at once, the eloquent ruins of its pretended immortality and the fading relics of its hollow ambitions! We step down from that point

along the avenue of history and behold the connecting link between the past and the present. We study all the deformities of the past and all the follies of the present and contrasting them, we go, in one step, from the one to the other.

Let us study the Athens of Antiquity while we contemplate the Athens of to-day! Let us study the workings of the secret Societies in the past, examine the means used to attain their end, glance at the consequences of their labors—while we attempt to exhibit the *square*, regular, systematic order of Infidel indoctrination of this age!

LIBERTY they offer us! They offered the same *liberty* in the past. What was it? How did they procure it? Where has it disappeared to?

Liberty in Russia for tyrannic authority to crush out striving, suffering, sorrowing pov-

erty, to walk rough-shod over the interests of the people and the legitimate claims of the humbler classes. Liberty for those people to strike at legitimate authority, to confound tyranny and sovereign rights, to blend them in one great mass, a funeral pile to become a holocaust of nihilistic sacrifice. Liberty in Greece to rush into the jaws of death and liberty in Turkey to spread abroad the banner of the crescent, to raise the minerette of Mahometanism upon the ruins of the Christian Cathedral. Liberty in Italy to tear the country to shreds and to sew feuds innumerable over the land.

Liberty in Germany to confront the reigning powers with the whims of every egotistical demagogue.

Liberty in France to up set the order of the Church and State—to create a Revolution wherein "no age was respected, no

authority reverenced." Liberty to destroy all by fire and sword and, when the clergy and the nobility had passed away, to permit the mob-executioner of to-day to become the mob-victim of to-morrow : liberty to kill the King, pollute the sanctuary of devotion with poison-flowers culled from the brothels of the Faubourg St. Antoine. Liberty in England to revolutionize the creed of the land and open out for humanity, and for each individual in particular, a fresh highway to indifferentism, irreligion and final damnation. Liberty to wipe out the creed of her most glorious epochs : the creed of the foundation of her institutions and of the protection of her influences—the creed, that would be that of her whole Empire to-day, were it not for the lawless lust of a murderous adulterer !

Liberty all over the world to believe in or

deny God as best suited man and his evil inclinations; liberty to feed the passions of the hour and quell the stings of conscience by the freedom to believe in any doctrine that man may choose to fabricate, to disbelieve in the future, in heaven, in hell, in God! Liberty, in a word, to accept Faith or pander to Infidelity.

Yes, they gave man what he always had, the freedom to believe or disbelieve, while they strove by pen and sword, by open action and hidden cunning, by every means good or evil, to inculcate into the youth, the man, the aged those doctrines of Infidelity that were so widely sewn and which bear such bitter fruits! They gave and still give man the liberty to overthrow order, to revolt against authority, to pervert society, to attack revelation, to wipe out God, if he can

—they preach Infidelity and they call it Liberty!

Such is the liberty that the Secret Societies procure for humanity. But let us come to that particular liberty in individual cases! To-day a man is free from the shackles of any sworn Masonic bond,—to-night he enters *an apprentice*: what liberty does he receive that he has not already enjoyed? What liberty does he lose that he once possessed?

To the first question we can answer—none whatsoever! Is it a freedom of worship? Most certainly every one, whether inside or outside the mystic circle, enjoys the liberty to kneel at whatever shrine his conscience points out for him! Do they give him the liberty of speech? No, indeed; but on the contrary, that freedom is circumscribed by limits drawn by his masters. Does he enjoy

a greater liberty of action? No; for whether he be a member or not of the society, the laws of the land are for him as for every other person. His freedom of action is not only the same as before, but worse still, it is confined by bonds that, heretofore, he had never known.

Therefore any personal liberty that might, in any way, augment his temporal happiness, is restricted.

He gains one great liberty, that of entering and remaining inside four walls called a lodge—the doors of which are closed against his less fortunate (?) fellow creatures. But does he receive the liberty of entering into the secrets of the great chapter? Ah! there he must stop. He knows no more of their secret movements than does the Oriental slave know of the movements in the tyrant's siraglio. The veil is impervious—the cloud

impenetrable! He becomes a dumb, mute instrument in the hands of his masters and consequently he loses, at one fell stroke, that glorious sense of manhood and independence that every human creature so much cherishes and guards.

Let me quote from the works of an eminent Free-Mason. Any one desirous of seeing the letter from which I quote will find it in the "Saturday Reader" of 11th August 1866.

"Listen to the words of wisdom, according to Brother Stodgers, P. M., and you will learn that men may be Free-masons for years without penetrating the arcana of the order; may attain divers dignities *without comprehending their true import;* may die in the fulness of masonic parts without having emerged from masonic boyhood; and after having spent as much time and labour on

the art as would, to put it modestly, suffice for the acquisition of every European tongue, yet fall short of the supreme distinction of being a good mason."

Poor, blind instrument in the hands of egotistical, clever, unscrupulous masters!

But alas! What liberty does he lose that he once enjoyed? He has joined that band—"whose acrimonious contests, fruitless encounters, fierce hatreds, passing triumphs, numberless miscalculations constitute the vortex wherein so many noble hearts, so many brilliant minds are sunken, so many beautiful reputations are lost!" Should it not be with awe and trembling that a young man would enter that winding labyrinth wherein is heard the hiss of the hydra of egotism, falsehood and deceit?

Yes, truly, over its doors should be inscribed the words so fearful of Dante's "In-

ferno"—"All who enter here abandon hope"—of peace, rest, gratification, or salvation! He is on a highway, ingratitude lurks along it, ruin is its terminus!

No longer is he free to act, to speak, or even to wish or think. It would seem as if his very thoughts at once became inscribed upon his features and the moment they are not in accordance with the desires of his masters, they become his death-warrant! He is marked! The Secret Tribunal has considered the case; the Holy Assembly has passed sentence; the mandate goes forth; one more victim *must* fall!

And what has he received for all this? The petty pleasure of knowing a few conventional signs, of learning by heart a few pass-words or counter-signs. The childish satisfaction of having a regalia or a few gewgaws,—the pleasure of being allowed to

write a few letters of the Alphabet after his name,—the enjoyment of the freedom of a room,—but Goldsmith beautifully tells us :

"These little things are great to little man;" and again he reminds us that :

"The sports of children satisfy the child."

But do they compensate for the liberty lost? Do they make up for the humiliation of knowing that you are a mere tool in the hands of others, a slave to their will, a bondsman, a prisoner, a fool and a dupe? He only finds that out when it is too late. He has cast aside all that makes life worth possessing for a phantom, and has bartered Eternity for, not a moment's pleasure, but a moment's misery! I could go deeper if I chose—I could say more if I desired—but as the first chapter of my essay is now beginning to assume proportions that were not intended, I must not risk going beyond the

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es confer, whether on nations or individuals,
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eal freedom for an *ignis fatuus* that flickers
ver the fevered marshes and malaria
wamps of every poison-engendered lodge,
n the land. We have called them the birth
lace of Infidelity and any reasoning person,
nprejudiced, who will reflect upon the state
f Society to-day, who will read the history
f modern times, cannot fail to perceive the
ruth of this assertion. This essay, however,
s not upon Secret Societies, but upon "the
pirit of the age," and it is merely incid-
ntal to the plan that I am obliged to dwell
o long upon this portion of the subject.

Let us turn from that Liberty which they
ffer us and with which they attempt to
urprise, dazzle and befool poor, feeble,

wavering humanity, to the consideration of the *Equality* that they procure for man!

"Equality absolute, equality noble, pure, elevating." Such are the words of a mandate issued to the lodges of England and America in 1854. I object to the last word—*elevating*. It is a contradiction: that which elevates or lowers, or the object raised or brought down must destroy equality. No equality can be elevating! But we will not quibble with terms or words: let us come to facts!

(In parenthesis we might remind members of the societies that the lodge, ☐ whence issued the above words, is in the heart of a monarchy, under the protection of the heir-apparent to the throne, where aristocratic and monarchial views and principles are the very anti-climax of that Equality of which they boast.)

In the very term *absolute Equality*, we have a point blank attempt to wipe out God. For so long as God exists there can be no absolute equality. While He exists He will be above all creatures, unequal to them or more properly speaking, they must be unequal to Him. God will never come down to the level of man, nor can man rise up to the level of God. Between the two—the creator and the creature—there must be an inequality. Therefore to establish an absolute equality, they must either raise man to God's level or bring God down to man's level: in other words they must wipe out God from the map of existence—or else their absolute equality becomes a "delusion and a snare." The question of the destroying of God is so absurd that it merits no further attention. Here we see, at a glance, that the term absolute Equality, which they would establish,

is merely nonsense. But if they insist upon it, then let them take the other horn of the dilemma. My accusation is proven true: they strike at God, they become the arch-leaders of Infidelity, the real parents of "the spirit of our age."

Can Equality be noble? The terms are a contradiction again! Can Equality be pure? If the waves of the ocean subsided and remained motionless at a common level—the sea would engender death; poison and impurity would spring from its waters, and floating over the continents, would leave the earth sterile and uninhabited. No stagnant equality can possibly be pure—no more in the moral, or social than in the physical, or natural spheres!

This Equality is as bright, yet as dangerous a decoy as the Liberty of which we just spoke. To prove how ridiculous is the

Equality which the societies hold out as a bate to the victims they would feign fish in, I will be content with one example! They once attempted to establish an absolute equality, and behold the result!

It was in France! The societies were in full vigor and activity, and in their blasphemous madness they determined to wipe out authority, tear down all distinction and create an Equality! How did they succeed? Firstly God must be denied and all authority coming from Him must be done away with! The king is killed, the Royal family pass under the guillotine. But still Equality is not established! The clergy are there; they are seized and murdered or exiled, and then come the nobles. Each in turn ascends the scaffold, until finally the sea of human blood seems to have reached the required level and Equality apparently is attained! But

no! One man, more powerful, than the rest, therefore unequal to the others, towers over the masses—Robespierre. It matters not that he was the first to demand equality, he must not be suffered to spoil his own work, he must fall, that the level may be gained. Robespierre ascends the scaffold.—Again another head must fall for it has of late arisen above the masses—Danton! Again another—Marat! Again another—Desmoulins! and so on; accordingly as any one arose to shatter the establishment of Equality he was, at once, marked and his fall was inevitable!

But the Almighty was neither dead nor sleeping. "It mattered not that, for a moment, their impiety seemed to prosper, that victory panted after their ensanguined banners, that their insatiate Eagle, as he soared against the sun, seemed but to repair

his strength and renew his vision; it was but for a moment and in the very banquet of their triumph, the Almighty's vengeance blazed upon the walls and the diadem fell from the brow of the idolator." God had ordained that order should exist, that equality should never be—and in His wisdom he called forth, from the obscurity of an Island home, a man who was to appear in their midst—to ascend the scaffold, kick down the guillotine, chase the executioners, restore order and authority, grasp without shame the crown and proclaim by his actions and triumphs to the world that Equality was impossible, that it was not in the order of things, —who was that man? You have seen the lightning dart out of a cloud, cross the firmament and bury itself in another cloud upon the opposite side of the horizon; he was that streak, coming forth from the cloud

of obscurity that o'er-hangs the Island of Corsica, flashing athwart the sky of Europe and sinking into the cloud of oblivion that o'er-hangs the Isle of St. Helena—Napoleon the First!

Where now is their equality? ah! may be it is to the individual members of the lodges that they give it. But if so, let them do away with distinctions; do away with *masters* and *grand-masters* etc.—Surely there is no real Equality between them and the apprentice! Do away with the inner mysteries, that but one in a thousand ever lives to know! Like the creature of Ezikeal's vision they are "wheel within wheel and glittering with eyes." To establish an equality they must do away with all this or else acknowledge that their offer is but a snare, a decoy! As their Liberty is a farce, so their Equality is a humbug and through the folds

of the mantle we see the poison-dagger of Infidelity, that is hidden to strike the victim as he kneels at the bloody altar of their abominable rites!

The author of a short biography of St. Thomas a Kempis, prefixed to his inimitable "Imitation of Christ," exclaims, in an ecstasy of delight, "quam bonum et quam jucundum est habitare fratres in unum!" The author was then dreaming of that Fraternity, that brotherly affection which has such a charm for all good and noble souls! It is a virtue pure and noble. It breathes happiness upon its path and strews the way with blessings the choicest and rarest. Is this the Fraternity that the secret Societies offer us? I will not go into the history of their career in Europe or America, it would take too long, it may be more *à propos* some other time; but I will answer their offer of

Fraternity by drawing a contrast between it, with its effects, and that brotherly affection of the saint, which although based upon earthly things, draws its radiance and warmth from heavenly sources!

The Fraternity that springs not from God, in the beginning, is but a sham, a perversion of the name.

A traveller I once met on the hills of the Black-River. He was carrying his pack upon his back and he had some thirty miles to walk before he could reach a shanty or house. It was then evening. He stopped for the night under the shelter of a large rock. He collected some fagots and made a fire. He warmed himself well and then, rolling himself up in his blankets, he fell asleep. The fire burned for a while, but, ere long it grew dim and finally dwindled down to almost extinction! He arose and

put on a few more sticks, stirred up the fire and returned to his rest.

In the morning he relit the fire, made his breakfast and before departing, piled on wood, until he had a glorious blaze. He warmed himself and then proceeded upon his journey. The flames slowly died out and at noon I passed again that way and found only the black ashes where the fire had been. The next night the snow fell and on the morrow I was again returning by the same road but I could not see a trace of the ashes, nor even the tracks of the man I had met the day before.

Such is a picture of that Fraternity which is not based upon love of God and Heaven. In life it may burn, a fitful flame; but a separation or a silence occurs and the flame dies out. A tear, a smile, a kind word, like the fagots collected by the traveller, are cast

upon the fire and for a moment it blazes up again. And the final separation, at last, comes: one goes on the road of life, the other takes the way of Eternity. At the last moment, with redoubled strength, vows of remembrance are spoken! The two separate. A few hours pass by and another traveller, passing by that heart, finds only ashes where the flame of affection so lately burned. The snows of oblivion fall and a third going that way, finds neither trace of the affection nor even the foot prints of the one who preceded. There is the Fraternity, inconstant, fickle, wavering, hollow, earthly, that we are asked to accept and to take in barter for that Christian, Catholic Charity, brotherly love, that is "so good and so pleasant." Their Fraternity ends at the grave—ours, in that glorious Communion of Saints, which we shall explain in the next chapter, survives

the tomb and lives throughout Eternity.

Behold what the secret Societies give you! Are they not the parents of Infidelity? and is not Infidelity the "Spirit of our age?"

We have lingered long enough in the shades, let us get a glimpse of the sun! We have been sufficiently long in the contemplation of the dark Spirit of Infidelity; it is almost time we would come to our second Chapter, in which we are to seek out that Spirit which is to counter-balance the reigning one! Before, however, entering upon another and very different path permit, dear reader, one more illustration!

I was one night upon the St. Lawrence. It was a glorious evening; "such an evening as Florence might envy, so rich was the lemon-hued air." All was silence, save the plashing of the prow through the waves or the tinkle of a bell that rang out the eve-

ning Angelus from a distant belfry. The sun had not quite disappeared; the moon, pale spectre of the night, hovered along the Eastern horizon,—afar cloudlets floated in the North,—"silence reigned supreme"—"*conticuere omnes!*" It would seem as if the Almighty were bending over the abyss, staying the sun, with one hand, in the West, raising the moon, with the other, in the East and lending, through all immensity, an attentive ear to the voice of His creatures.

One object attracted my attention. It was a grand old tree that stood by the banks of the river. For ages it had defied the tempests. The trunk was powerful, the branches extensive, the leaves variegated with the hues of autumn, the birds made melody amongst its limbs—but I looked at the roots. They were bleak, white and bare, like the bones of a dead caravan in the

Sahara. The stream had rolled on, and succeeding spring-floods had carried away the earth that held the monarch of the woods erect. Another spring-tide may soon come and the tree will fall into the stream, its finery be tangled, its branches broken, the birds fly to other trees; and cast from shoal to shoal and rock to rock, it will be whirled onward, until miles below, a dull and shapeless log, it will be cast upon some bleak swamp to perish, rot and be forgotten!

What a picture of Infidelity in the world to-day!

To-day it is triumphant. The trunk is powerful, the branches extensive—the birds of discord, hypocrisy, deceit make unmelodious chatter amongst the limbs. The stream of Eternal Truth has been rolling onward. Every tide has carried away a portion of the soil that holds aloft the tree of Infidelity.

Another will come and the monarch of the forest must totter and fall into flood below. Its splendors shall be destroyed, its branches broken, the birds fly to other retreats and finally, cast from chute to chute and point to point, a few years further down it shall be hurl'd, a shapeless mass, to lie, to perish, to rot and be forgotten, upon the dull and sombre swamp of oblivion!

As far as societies are concerned, we have not done with them yet. We will soon have occasion to refer to them from another standpoint and to fling another light upon them, that their features may be the better studied.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT SHOULD BE THE SPIRIT OF OUR AGE ?

"In hoc signo vinces."

"In this sign shalt thou conquer." Those words, which the Almighty inscribed upon the banner that waved above the hesitating Constantine, should be the war-cry of the Church-militant all over the world! The spirit which, not only, should reign on earth, but which *must* inevitably hold sway, is the Spirit of Faith! With what pleasure we turn from the contemplation of Infidelity dark, hideous, threatening, to gaze for a moment upon Faith, bright, beautiful, inspiring! How pleasant it is to come out from the darkness of the prison, the sombre,

damp dreariness of a cavern into the light and warmth of the golden summer sun!

We will now seek for that holy gift of Faith. As we have already hunted up the birth-place of Infidelity, let us trace out the Sanctuary wherein Faith was born and preserved and still lives. As we had not far to seek for the former, so our search for the latter will be short.

We have shown that Infidelity springs from the Secret Societies; in order to find out the home of Faith we have but to look around and see what institution, what establishment is ever the object of their attacks. When we have found it, we may rest assured that therein is to be met the great enemy of Infidelity—the great opponent of unbelief—the great foe that they dread and vainly seek to destroy—Faith!

Count the numberless denominations of

Christianity, include therein the pagan, the Greek, the Turk, the Savage, the Mahometan etc., and I defy you to indicate one of them all that has ever been assailed by the thunders of Secret Societies! No matter how they may differ in belief, no matter how they may change their doctrines, no matter how they may adore or deny God—still they are free from the attacks of the Lodges, still are they safe from the iron rod wherewith the secret juntos belabor the holders of Faith.

No,—there is not any other than the one Institution, one establishment, one congregation, one body, one Church that is ever the object of their attacks, the victim of their persecutions, the sufferer of their choice, and that is the *Roman Catholic Church.* Consequently, since they are the parents of Infidelity, and the Catholic Church is ever the constant recipient of their attacks and that

Faith is the arch-enemy of Infidelity—the Holy Roman Catholic Church must be the depositary of Faith, the Sanctuary, Guardian and Apostle of Faith.

No one will deny that the Catholic Church is the same to-day as it was in the beginning and has been throughout all ages. The Cross is the emblem of Faith and, of all denominations, she alone preserves that emblem and is not ashamed of it. It once stood on the heights of Calvary, it still glimmers upon the spires of her temples all over the Earth. A Sacrifice was once offered on the summit of Golgotha, it is perpetuated daily and hourly, ever since, inside the churches, chapels, cathedrals of the Catholic world. There is a Unity in it from end to end and also a Trinity. There is the Church-Triumphant, in Heaven—the Church-Suffering, in Purgatory—the Church-Militant on Earth—a

trinity that constitutes a glorious unity. It conserves the emblem of Faith, holds the constantly present relic of Faith, and is, in itself, the picture of Faith. Let us trace the story of that Faith—that light which shines aloft and "like the fiery pillar of Captive Israel," will guide us through the desert of this world's bondage and lead us to the land of our promise.

There was war amongst the heavenly beings! "Lucifer, Son of the morning, has fallen like fire from heaven: and our present earth, existing as a half extinguished hell, has received him and his angels." Thus does Hugh Miller, the great geologist, in his admirable work on the "Testimony of the Rocks," open a chapter most interesting and instructive. I will give a portion of it with comments, as it includes the sum-total of the pre-christian Faith, that Faith which

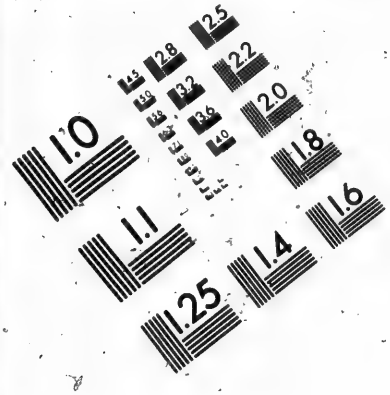
consisted in the belief that the Messiah was to come, as the Faith of to-day, consists in the belief that He has come. "Dead matter exists, and in the unembodied spirits vitality exists; but not yet in all the universe of God has vitality been united to the matter; animal life, even to the profound apprehension of the fallen angel, is an inconceivable idea."

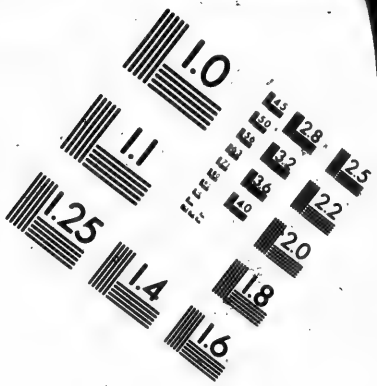
I will not give any more in quotation marks, as I may change the phrase and words—for, as I before stated, I quote totally from memory and it is now years since I read the works of Miller,—but I will follow as closely as I can his expressions.

Meanwhile, as the scarce reckoned centuries roll by, vacantly and dull, like the cheerless days and nights over the head of some unhappy captive, the miserable prisoners of our planet become aware that there

is a slow change taking place in the condition of their prison-house. Where a low, dark archipelago of islands raise their flat backs over the thermal waters, the heat glows less intensely than of old; the red fire bursts forth less frequently; the dread earthquakes shake more rarely; save in a few centres of intenser action, the greater deep no longer "boils like a pot;" and through the heavens, shut out by a ceiling of vapor the sun and moon never yet appeared, a less gloomy twilight falls more cheerfully than before upon land and sea. At length comes a morning in which the great ocean and the scattered islands declare that God the Creator has descended to visit the earth.

The hitherto verdureless land bears the green flush of vegetation; and there are creeping things among the trees. Nor is the till now unexampled mystery of animal life





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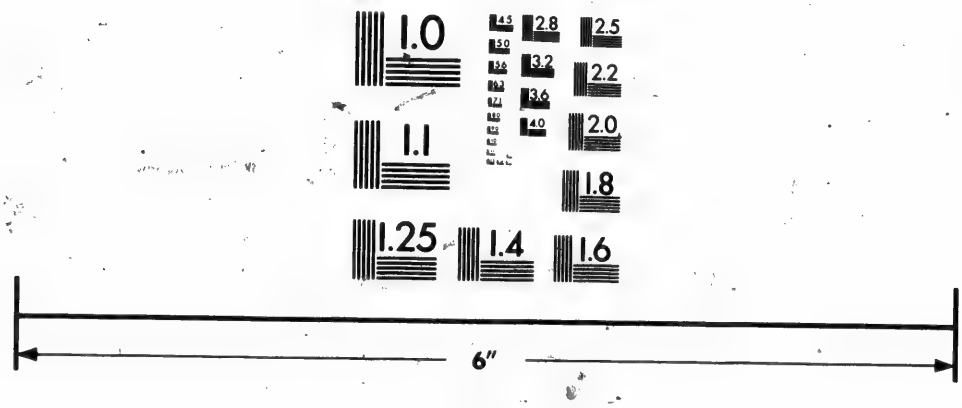

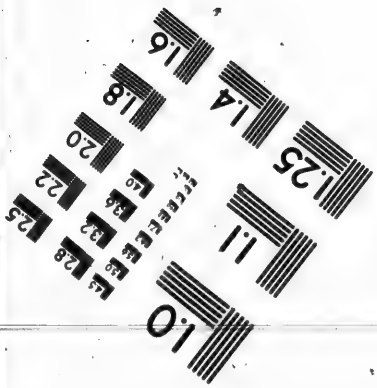

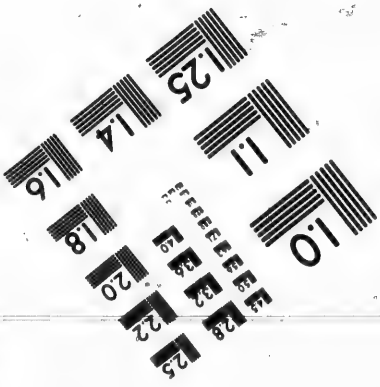

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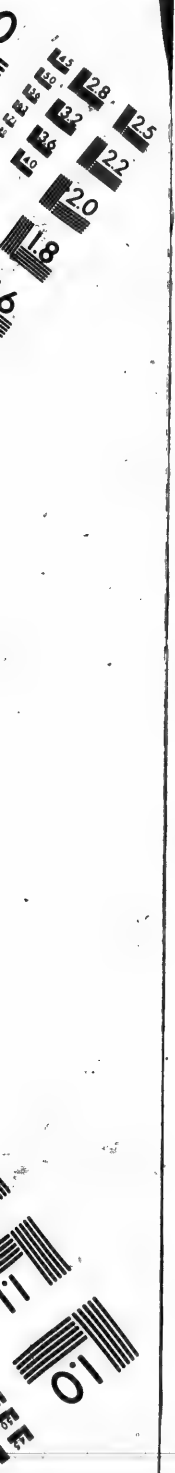
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absent from the sounds and bays. It is the highest intelligences that manifest the deepest interest in the works of the All Wise. Nor can we doubt that on that morning of creative miracle, in which matter and vitality were first united in the bonds of a strange wedlock, the comprehensive spirit of the great fallen one,—profound and active beyond the lot of humanity,—would have found ample employment in attempting to fathom the vast mystery and in vainly asking what these things might mean.

With how much of wonder, as scene succeeded scene and creation followed creation, as life sprang out of death and death out of life, must not that acute Intelligence have watched the course of the Divine Worker: scornful of Spirit and full of enmity, and yet aware, in the inner depths of his intellect, that what he dared insultingly to depreciate,

he yet failed, in its ultimate end and purpose to adequately comprehend!

Standing in the presence of the unsolved mystery, under the chill and withering shadow of that secret of the Lord which was not with him, how thoroughly must he not have seen and with what bitter malignity felt, that the grasp of the Almighty was upon him, and in the varying problem of creation, which with all his powers he failed to unlock, and which as age succeeded age remained still unsolved, the Divine Master against whom he had rebelled but from whose presence it was in vain to flee, emphatically spake to him, as in after years, to the Patriarch Job, and, with the quiet dignity of the Infinite, challenged him either *to do or to know*. With what wild thoughts must that restless and unhappy spirit have wand-

ered amid the tangled mazes of the old carboniferous forests!

With what bitter mockeries must he have watched the fierce wars which raged in their sluggish waters, among ravenous creatures, horrid with trenchant teeth, barbed sting and sharp spine! And how, as generation after generation passed away, and ever and anon the ocean rolled where the land had been, or the land rose to possess the ancient seats of the ocean,—how, when looking back upon myriads of ages, and when calling up in memory what once had been, the features of the earth seemed scarce more fixed than the features of the sky in a day of dapple breeze-borne clouds; how must he have felt, as he became conscious that the earth was fast ripening and that, as its foundations became stable on the abyss, it was made by the creator a home of higher and yet higher

forms of existence,—how must he have felt, like some old augur looking into the inner mysteries of animal life, with their strange prophecies, the truth was fast coming to birth,—man, reasoning, accountable man was fast approaching,—man the moral agent,—man, the ultimate work and end of creation,—man, a creature in whom vitality was to be united to matter and responsibility united to vitality! How must expectancy have quickened,—how must solicitude have grown,—when, after the dynasty of the fish had been succeeded by the dynasty of the reptile and that of the reptile by the dynasty of the sagacious mammal a time, at length arrived when earth had become fixed and the proud waves of the ocean had been stayed,—when after species and genera in both kingdoms had been increased tenfold, the Creative Hand seemed to pause in its workings, and

the finished creation demanded its lord! Even at this late period, how strange may not the doubts and uncertainties have been that remained to darken the mind of the lost spirit! It was according to his experience, stretched backwards to the first beginnings of organic vitality and co-extensive, at a still earlier period, with God's spiritual universe—that all *Animals* should die—that all *moral agents* should live. How in this new creature,—this prodigy of creation, who was to unite what had never before been united—the nature of the animals that *die* with the standing and responsibility of the moral agents that *live*,—how, in this partaker of the double nature, was the discrepancy to be reconciled? How, in this matter, were the opposite claims of life and death to be adjusted, or the absolute *immortality*, which cannot admit of degrees, to be made,

to meet with and shade into the *mortality* which, sooner or later, must perish ?

At length creation receives its deputed monarch ! For moulded by God's own finger and in God's own likeness, man enters upon the scene, an exquisite creature, rich in native faculty, pregnant with the yet undeveloped seeds of wisdom and knowledge, tender of heart and pure of spirit, formed to hold high communion with his creator, and to breathe abroad his soul in sympathy over all creation. And yet, left to the freedom of his own will, there is a weakness in the flesh that betrays its earthly lineage. Is it not into the dust of the ground that the living soul has been breathed ? The son of the soil, who, like the inferior animals his subjects, sleeps and wakes, and can feel thirst and hunger, and the weariness of toil and the sweets of repose, and who comes under

the general law, "increase and multiply," stands less firmly than the immaterial spirits stood of old; and even they rebelled against Heaven and fell! There awakes a grim hope in the sullen lord of the first revolt. Ages beyond tale or reckoning has this temple of creation been in building. Long have its mute prophecies in fishes and creeping things, in birds and in beast, told of coming man, its final object and end. And now there needs but one blow and the whole edifice is destroyed, God's purposes mared and frustrated and this new favorite of earth dashed back to the dust out of which he was created. Armed with the experience in evil of unsummed ages, the Tempter plies his work; nor is it to low or ignoble appetites that he appeals. It is to the new-formed creature's thirst for knowledge, it is to his love stronger than death. The wiles of the Old

Serpent prevail : man falls prostrate before him ; creation trembles ; and then from amid the trees of the garden comes the voice of God. And, lo ! in an enigma mysterious and dark a new dispensation of prophecy begins.

I once heard a sermon preached, in St. Joseph's Church, Ottawa, upon a Good Friday—the text was from the "Canticle of Canticles" and if my memory does not fail me, it was ; "I will go to the mountain of myrrh, to the hill of frankincense." "Myrrh," said the Rev. Father, "is the emblem of suffering—frankincense that of sacrifice,—so we might change the text and say, with Christ to His Father : Destroy not man—I will go to the mountain of suffering, to the hill of sacrifice." Methinks it must have been at the moment at which we have now arrived, in man's career, that those words were first spoken by God to God. Mark the wisdom

of the Almighty! Mark the failure of the Enemy!

Victims bleed; altars smoke; the tabernacle arises amid the white tents of the desert; the temple ascends all glorious on the heights of Mount Zion; prophet after prophet declares his message. At length, in the fulness of time, the Messiah comes; and in satisfying the law and in fulfilling the prophecies, and in bringing life and immortality to light, abundantly shows forth that the terminal dynasty of all creation has been to possess for its eternal lord and monarch, *not primeval man created in the image of God,*—BUT GOD MADE MANIFEST IN THE FLESH AND FORM OF PRIMEVAL MAN.

But how breaks on the baffled tempter this sublime revelation? Wearily did he toil, darkly did he devise and take, in his misery, great counsel against the Almighty; and yet

all the while, when striving and resisting as an enemy, he has been wielded as a tool: when glaring aloof in his proud rebellion, the grasp of the Omnipotent has been upon him and he has been working out, all unwittingly, the purposes of God.

Faith, so far, has been confined to the children of a chosen race. It consisted in believing in the coming of Christ. The demon labored to destroy it—the Almighty triumphed and the foot of Her whom the prophets foretold crushed the head of the Serpent.

Faith henceforth will be in the belief that Christ came and the firm belief in his teachings, as taught by his authorized agents on earth. And the demon will again take counsel and form plans and will renew and redouble his power and wiles and will attempt once more to destroy man and to

frustrate the ultimate designs of God. So far the Evil One has miserably failed—and powerful as his efforts may be—cunning as his tricks may seem—wise as his plans may appear, we will see him suffer eighteen centuries more of defeat! We will see how true are those words of Christ to St. Peter—His first apostle—chief of His new establishment—head of the new dispensation—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my Church, *and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*"

"The night of paganism obscured the nations—the cloud of barbarism hung upon humanity, when suddenly, in the far off East, in that land of wonderous memories, prophecies and hopes, the Star of Salvation, twinkled at Bethlehem and the gorgeous Sun of Redemption flashed upon Calvary." The rays of that sun penetrated the dark

groves, wherein the Druids taught the mysticism of the stars, it tipped with splendor the summits of the monuments of ages and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the chastening light of heaven, it came down through the ages pure and unsullied, and shines to-day as bright, as glorious and as magnificent, over the earth, as when first it appeared upon the hills of Time.

Vainly have the dark clouds of impure vapor, rising from the swamps of hell, striven to obscure its rays or dim its lustre; and to-day, victim of his own rage and weakness, the Great Monarch of Infernal legions, stands as defeated before the throne of Leo XIII, as of old he stood conquered before the Master on Mount Thebor,—to-day he is as dazzled by that light as he was blinded by

it eighteen hundred years ago,—to-day he must unwillingly stoop before the cross on St. Peter's as of old he fled from the Cross on Calvary. From the dawn of creation to our day God has triumphed and hell has failed. Could Lucifer but succeed in extinguishing that light of Faith, could he but tear down that edifice erected by the Son of God, the triumph would compensate for his, heretofore, constant defeats. And yet, with a dark, twilight hope that ever blends with despair, he works away, using every means imaginable and employing every instrument conceivable. We have seen the story of his efforts and reverses in the pre-Christian epoch—let us now trace the story of the events since that day. Faith must be preserved or the demon triumphs! How, where and by whom has it been guarded?

When Christ broke bread at the last Supper, He turned to the Apostles and said "Do ye this in commemoration of me." In His last instructions to them He said: "Whose sins you shall bind on earth, they shall be bound in heaven; whose sins you shall loose on earth, they shall also be loosened in heaven." Again He told them: "he who will not hear the Church (that is St. Peter and his successors with their duly appointed assistants), let him be to you as the heathen and the publican." Again before His departure He said. "I will be with you all days even to the consummation of the world." Likewise He gave them their mission in these words: "Go ye forth and preach to all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." And in the fires of Pentecost He sent them knowledge—languages

and a spirit of more than human bravery, which latter they were to transmit to their successors.

I just give those few oft-quoted texts to show to whom Christ confided the "care of his lambs and sheep," to whom He gave the charge of His Church and Faith. Their duties have been traced out for them. To preach to all nations—not to write Bibles and tracts—Christ Himself never wrote, except once and that was on the sand, the characters were soon effaced. He ordered them to go and preach—to baptize—to confirm—to forgive sins—to consecrate and thereby perpetuate, in an unbloody manner, the sacrifice of the great Good Friday—to administer the bread of life—to transmit, in Holy Orders, the power He gave them, to their successors,—to unite man and woman in a bond that death alone could break and

to prepare, for an eternal voyage, through Extreme-Unction, the Christian whose life was ending. In other words—to teach His word—preserve His Faith—administer His sacraments and establish His Church. There, in a few words, was the mission given by Christ to St. Peter—therefore to his immediate successors—therefore to Leo XIII—who is the last link of that unbroken chain from St. Peter until our day. St. Peter was head of the Church, the other Apostles and Disciples were its grand council and priests, as do to-day their direct successors, in the Pope, Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and priests, form that council.

We will now see how St. Peter and his successors fulfilled that mission. We will see the efforts of the old arch-enemy to extinguish the torch of Faith, frustrate the purposes of Christ and finally bring ruin and

desolation upon man. And we will not fail to remark, how in all ages and in all lands the followers of the Standard of the Cross finally triumphed—and how, whether as martyrs or saints, missionaries or monks, they, each and all, could calmly contemplate the end and with the cry—"Bonum certamen certavi," on their lips, go forth, to join the souls of the Church-Triumphant and to leave their places to fresh squadrons of faithful children in the Church-Militant!

Poor, unknown, unfriended! The cross in one hand and a staff in the other, forth go the apostles of Christ to convert the world, to build up the grandest institution that earth ever beheld, to tear down the eagles of the Empire and to usurp the palaces of the Cæsars!

Peace was proclaimed to the world.—The Eagles of Rome had flapped their trium-

phant wings in every quarter of the world and having no more enemies to dread Augustus returned to the capital, the temple of Janus was closed, for the first time since the commencement of the second Punic war and the third time from the reign of Numa, the sword was sheathed, and the golden era of Roman splendor commenced.

Then it was, that amongst the Judean hills the King of Kings appeared. Then it was that the humble fishermen of Galilee were chosen and told to go forth on their mission. With no light, but that of Faith,—no armour but that of Hope,—no sword but that of Charity, see them face the universal paganism of the world, the powers of the mightiest Empire the Earth ever saw, the terrors of armies, the dangers of fanatical crowds! The mission of Christ on earth is over. His visible presence is no longer

required, and He returns to the Father that sent Him. The rays must now come to us transmitted by His Church!

It was then, in the midst of Peace that St. Paul called in upon Athens with his news so wonderful. It was then that a lone pilgrim from the East, worn with travel and covered with the dust of the highway, staff in hand and cross on breast, was seen slowly coming along the Appian way. He passed beneath the triumphal Arch, that still told of Pompey's splendors—he lingered under the shadow of the Pantheon to repose his weary limbs—then he resumed his walk around by the Tarpian rock and the palaces of the Emperors. He glanced once at the mighty fabric of the Coliseum and proceeded by a narrow byway to where to-day, near the Paletine, stands the castle and bridge of St. Angelo. There was a vacant spot beyond

the Tiber. Had he the vision of a prophet? I wonder did he see that space filled up with that monument of Angelo's genius, the greatest Basilica of the world to-day—that was to bear his name—St. Peter, that was to tower in triumph over the ruins of those gorgeous palaces which surrounded him?

In that day there was no printing, no Bible-sellers or tract-distributers; with the word of God on his lips, he came alone and unarmed to preach the Faith of Christ in the centre of pagan power. Unencouraging was the prospect! But God was with him and who could defeat him? Not Satan, for we have seen how the Almighty overcame His Enemy throughout the ages.

St. Peter was poorly received. He became the object of fear and hatred in Rome; yet he succeeded in procuring a few followers. Finally the dangers threatened, the thunder

boomed, the clouds darkened, and (not that he feared death, but knowing as yet there was no successor for him) he sought refuge in the depths of the Catacombs. Deep down under the Imperial city, in that labyrinth of the dead, the light of Faith was hidden for a time.

While the trumpets of persecution resounded amongst the seven hills, and the fires of martyrdom blazed upon the battlements, while the blood of a bleeding Faith bedewed and flooded the arena of the Flavian Amphitheatre, the high priest of God renewed the sacrifice of Calvary in the City of the dead. He and his followers fulfilled their mission. They preached, they baptized—aye they administered every one of the sacraments, and by the feeble lamp that flickered before the altar, the great myst-

eries of the religion of Jesus-Christ were renewed.

But St. Peter's mission was not to hide himself forever in the Catacombs. His zeal called him forth and he knew death awaited him. But death, for him, was everlasting life! He must proclaim the new Faith aloud and overthrow the idols and defy Infidelity!

He refuses to offer sacrifice on the altars of the pagan—those are the very altars he came to overturn. He is seized and cast into prison, his limbs are chained, his body is tortured and he calmly awaits death. But the Angel of God comes down, breaks the fetters and frees him. His master has more work for him to do—and before the glorious day comes that will see him suspended from a cross, head downward, he must perform many other works and suffer many other attacks for the sake of the Faith he keeps.

I do not intend to write a life of St. Peter or of the Popes; but I wish to show whence came the Faith we have—through what it passed and who first carried it into the Infidel world.

Centuries after St. Peter's imprisonment—in the same city of Rome, Infidelity—not pagan but modern—imprisoned his successor Pius VII, and also in our day Pius IX. Worthy followers of the Great Master, they knew, like St-Peter, how to bear their sufferings and to still cling to and protect that gift of Faith, which in an unbroken line, he had transmitted to them.

I cannot refrain from quoting a Protestant orator—the famous Charles Phillips, upon that subject. Addressing a Catholic audience in Cork, he once said: "I have seen the venerable head of your religion, go forth gorgeous with the accumulated dignity

of ages, every knee bending and every eye blessing the prince of one world and the prophet of another. I have also seen him, with his crown crumbled, his home a dungeon, his throne a shadow, his sceptre a reed,—but if I have, it was only to show those whose faith was failing or whose fears were strengthening, that the simplicity of the patriarchs, the piety of the saints and the patience of the martyrs had not wholly vanished from the earth." What a splendid tribute coming from one who could not be accused of partiality. He saw the head of our Religion, the exponent of our Faith, "towering aloft, like the last mountain of the deluge,—majestic not less in his elevation than in is solitude, immutable amidst change, magnificent amidst ruin, the last remnant of earth's beauty, the last resting place of heaven's light."

St. Peter transmitted his powers and with them the golden treasure of faith to his successor. And he, in his turn, handed the same down to the one who followed him—until from the hands of Pius IX our present Leo XIII received the deposit, in the same form as St. Peter once received it from Christ Himself. And when Leo XIII passes away, he will transmit the same heritage to his successor and so on 'till the end of time—'till the last pope will hand it back to Christ, on His second coming, exactly as He gave it to St. Peter on the occasion of His first coming.

Some place it is written, I recollect not the exact chapter, or versel or book: "In the last time some shall depart from the Faith giving heed to the spirits of error and doctrines of devils speaking lies in hypocrisy." And again we find that this must be either

the context or at least continuation of the same subject, for it is also written : "Heresies shall come." The great spirit of Evil, the lord of the first revolt, the Tempter of primeval man, the immortal victim of the Almighty's hatred and anger, is subtle in his plans, cunning as the serpent whose form he once accepted and which represents him ever since. He has already failed in every attempt. First to turn heaven and its myriad hosts against God ; then he failed to destroy man eternally, and, now, he will endeavour to repair all past defeats, by over-throwing the Church and Faith of Christ on earth ; and heresy shall be his instrument.

St. Luke asks us if we think that the Son of Man will find Faith upon the earth when he comes ? Not if Satan can help it—yes, if the word of Christ is true, for He has prom-

ised to remain till the end of time with His Church!

Could I but condense into the small space of an essay the whole history of the struggles, the sufferings, the triumphs, the reverses, the sacrifices, the unnumbered glorious battles for Faith, of the Church from the Roman arena to the stake of the American savage, from the Catacombs to the plains of Hindoostan—I would unfold a panorama, every scene rich with miracles of beauty—every change bright with the indisputable light of heaven. From the days of Arius to the days of Luther,—from the schismatics of the East to the heretics of the West,—from the pagans of the first ages to the Secret Societies of our days.

Through tempest and dangers the barque of Peter rides ever upon the crest of the waves, as securely as Peter himself, when he

walked the waters of the sea, at the command of Christ. The faithful, may have at times allowed their hopes to sink, their fears to strengthen, but, like Moses on the mountain praying while his people fought in the valley below, the high priest and his assistants, elevated above the dark vale of this world's sinfulness, kneel continually with hands extended and invoke the aid of God, while the people fight and conquer the infidel hordes in the plain beneath.

Who were and who are the enemies of the Church and the Faith of Christ ?

Firstly the Pagans,—their influence exists no more as of old ! The vicar of Christ issues his mandates from the ruined throne of the Cæsars. Then came the Schismatics and Infidels, the heretics of the first ages. They are either converted or cut off and sent adrift.

Yet Satan is bound to find some instrument wherewith to overthrow the Church.

In the depths of Arabia, at Mecca, there appears one who is destined to become as great a "scourge of God" as ever was Attila! When Leo the Great stayed the barbarian of the North at the gates of Rome and turned him back to meet defeat on the plains of Chalons, he little dreamed that there was to appear another fanatic, with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, who was destined to return in triumph to the city whence he was expelled and in ten years time, from 622 to 632, to collect a few scattered tribes, by force of eloquence, and ill-guided fervour, to form the nucleus of an army that one day should over-run the East, snatch the tomb of Christ from the Christians, make Europe tremble beneath the tramp of the Saracen horse and place the

crescent over the cross and to the cry of "God is God and Mahomet is his prophet" —*allah il allah*—rush to the destruction of that temple of Faith.

But to meet this new terror it did not suffice to depend upon the word of mouth alone. The Church to conserve its Faith and protect its rights had to appeal to the sword. Was she right in so doing? Yes. Let me quote the immortal words of Thomas Francis Meagher: "Then, my Lord, I do not condemn the use of arms as immoral, nor do I conceive it profane to say, that the King of Heaven, the Lord of Hosts! the God of battles! bestows his benediction upon those who unsheathe the sword in the hour of a nation's peril. From the evening on which, in the valley of Bethulia, he nerved the arm of the Jewish girl to smite the drunken tyrant in his tent, down to this our day,

in which he has blessed the insurgent chivalry of the Belgian priest, His Almighty hand hath ever been stretched forth from His throne of Light, to consecrate the flag of freedom—to bless the patriot's sword! Be it in defence, or be it in the assertion of a people's liberty, I hail the sword as a sacred weapon; and if, my Lord, it has sometimes taken the shape of the serpent and reddened the shroud of the oppressor with too deep a dye, like the anointed rod of the High Priest, it has at other times, and as often, blossomed into celestial flowers to deck the freeman's brow." At the risk of becoming irrelevant I will quote the remainder of this flash of eloquence—which no Mirabeau ever surpassed!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for in the passes of the Tyrol, it cut to pieces the banner of the Bavarian,

and, through those cragged passes, struck a path to fame for the peasant insurrectionist of Inspruck!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword?—No, my Lord, for at its blow a giant nation started from the waters of the Atlantic, and by its redeeming magic, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the crippled Colony sprang into the attitude of a proud Republic—prosperous, limitless, and invincible!

"Abhor the sword—stigmatize the sword? No, my Lord, for it swept the Dutch marauders out of the fine old towns of Belgium—scourged them back to their own phlegmatic swamps—and knocked their flag and sceptre, their laws and bayonets into the sluggish waters of the Scheldt.

"My Lord, I learned that it was the right of a nation to govern herself—not in this

Hall, but upon the ramparts of Antwerp. This, the first article of a Nation's creed, I learned upon those ramparts, where freedom was justly estimated, and the possession of the precious gift was purchased by the effusion of blood.

"My Lord, I honor the Belgians, I admire the Belgians, I love the Belgians for their enthusiasm, their courage, their success, and I, for one, will not stigmatize for I do not abhor the means by which they obtained a Citizen King, a Chamber of Deputies."

It was the sword blessed by the Almighty that, A. D. 1095, Peter the Hermit uplifted, when Urban II at Placentia and Clermont proclaimed that "it was the will of God" that the scenes sacred to the memory of Christ should be snatched from the Infidel tribes of the East.

In those days every Christian King was

Catholic.—There was then no talk of Protestantism. It was then that Godfry of Bouillon, (the Duke of Basse-Lorraine), Robert of Normandy, Hugh, the brother of the King of France, Stephen of Blois, Bohemund of Tarentum and numberless others flocked, with over three hundred thousand followers around the standard of the cross. Richard *Coeur-de-Lion*, of England, and other monarchs entered upon the Crusades. For the sake of that Faith, hundreds of thousands left their homes, trod the rocky wilds of Taurus, fainted under the suns of the Orient, and at last saw, set in emerald meadows that line Orontes, the fair turrets of the Syrian Antioch.

They reached Jerusalem and although individual cases may have more or less tarnished the glory of their banner; yet they succeeded in snatching from the Infidel those

possessions which, with their more especial privileges, were the heir-loom of the Christian.

The terrors of Mahometanism passed away and the Faith of Christ, still the same, remained, a sacred treasure in the hands of His representatives. And yet the demon was at work. By physical force he could not overthrow the works of God,—he now will employ moral strength; but strength based upon nothingness must fail! A building erected upon sand must, sooner or later, crumble and fall to the ground!

Finally came that day on which a renegade priest, puffed up with the spirit of pride and mastered by the spirit of lust, broke out into open revolt, striking at the most sacred treasures of Faith which the Church of Christ for fifteen centuries had preserved intact. From the depths of Germ-

anic forests and the streets of Worms, there came a trumpet blast, summoning the children of the earth into open rebellion against the Faith of Ages. And as Lucifer of old in heaven, so Luther now, on earth, cried out before the world *Non Serviam !*

In glancing over the history of every revolt against heaven we find that they had, one and all, their origin in Pride and Corruption. It was a spirit of Pride that influenced Satan in his first out-break. It was the same spirit of pride, joined to one of earthly corruption, that swayed the souls of Eve and Adam as they fell into the horrors of original sin. The same spirit which is so graphically described in those latin words "*Non Serviam*"—"I will not obey." It was that spirit of pride that animated Luther in the beginning of his revolt, and which blended with a spirit of lust, led him in fine

to the extremes of which his history tell us. And was it not that same spirit of Pride and Lust that caused the once "Defender of the Faith," Henry VIII. of England, to forget his past history, and to launch himself and a whole nation upon a sea of eternal divisions and contradictions? Later still, it was a spirit of lust and most extraordinary pride that led the most famous character in history, to strike at the venerable head of the Church. Had Napoleon I. been humble and pure, he never would have turned from the cross to bow before the crescent! It is also a remarkable fact—that the last day of their triumph and the first hour of their fall, should have been when pride caused them to forget their duties to God and themselves!

Lucifer's star shone the brightest in heaven, until he gave consent to his pride

and, from that moment, it became extinguished in the eternal gloom of the vengeance of the Most High! Success attended them all, until they permitted the spirit of corruption to master them. So with, Napoleon himself! While faithful to his mission he went from triumph to triumph, from victory to victory. "He changed camps, courts, churches, cabinets and crowns, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board." But, in his pride and impure desires he attempted to raise the everlasting cross amongst his perishable trophies—and then it was that the "Sun of Austrelitz" grewdim—the Eagle that hovered, in triumph over Jena, Friedland, Arcola, etc., lost his strength, the hero who walked in the steps of Annabal across the Alps, who saw the flames of Moscow fling their blood-red lustre over the snows of Russia, and upon

whom "Forty centuries had looked down" from the heights of Egyptian pyramids—the hero who defied heaven as well as earth, listened to the thunder-voiced knell that the cannons rang, from the heights of Torres Vedras, over the whole Peninsula, and finally, between the slopes of Quatre-Bras and the hamlet of Waterloo, bent before the whirlwind of human and divine vengeance!

What a lesson history gives us, upon every page, of the feebleness of pride, and hollowness of lust. It tells us in every line of the power, the mercy and justice of the Most High and even, in the story of the Great ones of earth, we read daily those lines of the Psalmist: "*Deposuit potentes de sede et exaltavit humiles.*" It was sung by the Jewish Maiden of old; it is sung to-day in the office of the same Immaculate Mother, by the Church of Her Son!

Since I commenced this Essay, many and unforeseen tasks have fallen to my lot and my leisure moments have been very few. I have found it difficult to snatch an hour from each week, that I might give to the continuation of this work. In consequence of those changes, I find myself obliged to curtail my work and really present a feeble synopsis of the Essay, as I had originally intended it.

I have shown that Satan made use of every conceivable means to overthrow the Church of Christ, the depository of Faith. I cannot possibly go into the history of the Reformation—for merely to touch upon it, one should give a complete volume to the work. Nor do I deem it necessary, in this chapter, to again refer to the Secret Societies, that owe so much to that Reformation. Any one desirous of making a special study on the subject, will find ample explanations in

Bossuet's "Variations," which I believe are translated into the English language. The Faith of which I have spoken and which I have placed in opposition to "The Spirit of our Age"—Infidelity—will be found expressed in the prayer known as the "*Credo*" or *Creed.*

Mostly all Christian denominations hold the same belief as far as the first portion of the *creed* goes. But where they fall short is when it comes to say: "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints, the Forgiveness of Sins, etc."

The Church that must hold the true Faith, must necessarily be *One—Holy—Catholic* and *Apostolic*! The last few pages should suffice to show, beyond a doubt that the Roman Catholic Church is Apostolic—is Catholic—is Holy! Its *Unity* how-

ever I will explain and with that explanation terminate this chapter. Before touching upon the Unity of the Church—I will take the liberty of just giving a short list of the other Christian denominations—and when the reader has looked over it, let him ask himself, where is the Unity between all these? Truth is one and cannot admit of contradictions or divisions—therefore I will ask him to point me out where that Truth, —one and undivided, is to be found? In which of all these sects, that are ever brandishing the fragments of their broken creed against each other? If he cannot find it amongst them, then I will show him where he really can find that Unity so necessary—the *sine qua non* of a Divine Religion. I don't pretend to name the one half of the sects of the day; but I will give a sufficient number to establish my premises. In the

City of London, alone, are to be found the following denominations; each claiming to hold Truth and true Faith.

1st The Advent Christians.

2nd The Apostolics.

3rd The Arminians (who believe Christ saved all men).

4th The Baptists—(who only baptize at the years of discretion).

5th The Baptized Believers.

6th Believers in Christ (who depend on Faith for Salvation).

7th The followers of Joanna Southcott, the prophetess of Exter.

8th The Benevolent Methodists.

9th Bryanites—founded in 1815 by William O'Bryan—they receive communion seated.

10th Bible Defence Association.

11th The Blue Ribbon Army. (Temperance).

12th The Brethern, who believe that to preach the Gospel is to deny that Christ's work was complete.

13th The Calvanists (who deny the real presence).

14th The Calvanist Baptists (who find Wesley too Arminian).

15th The Catholic Apostolics.

16th The Christians—(who own no other name).

17th The Christian Believers.

18th The Christian Brethern.

19th The Christian Disciples.

20th " Eliasites.

21st " Isrealites.

22nd " Mission.

23rd " Teetotalers.

24th " Temperance men.

25th The Christian Unionists.

26th The Christodelphians.

27th The Anglican Church (High, Low and Broad).

28th The Church of Scotland.

29th The Scotch Free Church.

30th The Church of Christ.

31st The Church of the people.

32nd The Church of progress.

33rd The Congregationalists (who have no form of prayer).

34th The Countess of Huntingdon's connexion—founded in the 18th century by Lady Selina Shirley.

35th The Covenanters—(16th century).

36th The Coventry Mission Band.

37th The Danish Lutherans.

38th The Disciples of Christ.

39th Thomas Campbell's—Disciples of Jesus-Christ—(who set aside all dogma).

40th The Easter Orthodox Greek Church.

41st The Eclectics.

42nd The Episcopalian Dissenters.

43rd The Evangelical Free Church.

44th The Evangelical Mission.

45th The Evangelical Unionist—(founded in 1840 by James Morrison—who proclaimed the greatest sin to be a want of belief in Christ's death).

46th The followers of the Lord Jesus.

47th The Free Catholic Christian Church.

48th The Free Christians.

49th The Free Christian Association.

50th The Free Church.

51st The Episcopal Free Church.

52nd The Free Church of England.

53rd The Free Evangelical Christians.

54th The Free Grace Gospel Christians.

55th The Free Gospel Church.

56th The Free Gospelers.

57th The Free Methodists.

58th The Free Union Church.

59th The General Baptists.

60th The General Baptists new connection.

61st The German Evangelical Community.

62nd The Strict Baptists.

63rd The German Lutherans.

64th The Glassites (founded in 18th century, by John Glass of Scotland—They eat no animal food that has not been bled).

65th The Glory Band.

66th The Greek Catholic Church.

67th The Halifax Psychological Society.

68th The Hallelujah Band.

69th The Hope Mission.

70th The Humanitarians (who deny the Divinity of Christ).

71st The Independents.

72nd The Independent Methodists.

73rd The Independent Religious Reformers.

74th The Independent Unionists.

75th The Inghamites—(followers of Benjamin Ingham—Son-in-law of the Countess of Huntingdon).

76th The Israelites.

77th The Irish Presbyterian Church.

78th The Jews.

79th The Lutherans (who believe in the real presence).

80th The Methodist Reform Union.

81st The Missionaries.

82nd The Modern Methodists.

83rd The Moravians.

84th The Mormons.

85th The New Castle Sailor's Society.

86th The New Church.

87th The New Connection General Baptists.

88th The New Wesleyans.

89th The New Jerusalem Church.

90th The New Methodists.

91st The Old Baptists.

92nd The Open Baptists.

93rd The Order of St. Austin.

94th The Orthodox Eastern Church.

95th The Particular Baptists.

96th The Peculiar People (who trust in Providence to cure them of all ills).

97th The Plymouth Brethren.

98th The Polish Protestant Church.

99th The Portsmouth Mission.

100th The Presbyterian Church of England—(founded by Puritans).

101st The Presbyterian Baptists.

102nd The Primitive Congregation.

103rd The " Free Church.

104th The " Methodists.

105th The Progressionists.

106th The Protestant members of the Church of England.

107th The Protestant Trinitarians.

108th The Protestant Union.

109th The Providence Church.

110th The Quakers.

111th The Ranters (whose worship consists of jumping and clapping their hands).

112th The Rational Christians.

113th The Reformers.

114th The Reform Church of England.

115th The Reform Episcopal Church.

116th The Reformed Presbyterians or Covenanters.

117th The Recreative Religionists.

118th The Revivalists.

119th The Salem Society.

120th The Sandemanians.

121st The Scotch Baptists.

122nd The Second advent Christians (who expect Christ again).

123rd The Secularists—(who believe, we should think of the affairs of this world before those of the next).

124th The Separatists, (who refuse to take oath and hold their goods at the disposal of Brethren in distress).

125th The Seventh-Day Baptists.

126th The Shakers (Founded by Ann Lee).

127th The Society of the New Church.

128th The Spiritual Church.

129th The Spiritualists.

130th The Swedenborgians (founded in 1668 by Emanuel Swedenborg).

131st The Temperance Methodists.

132nd The Trinitarians.

133rd The Union Baptists.

134th The Unionists.

135th The Socinians,—or Unitarians (who deny the Trinity.)

136th The Unitarian Baptists.

137th The Unitarian Christians.

138th The United Christian Church.

139th The United Free Methodists.

140th The United Presbyterians.

141st The Universal Christians (who believe sin is only punished in this life).

142nd The Welsh Calvinists.

143rd The Welsh Presbyterians.

144th The Welsh Wesleyans.

145th The Wesleyans.

146th The Weslyan Methodists.

147th The Weslyan Reformers.

148th The Weslyan Reform Glory Band.

149th The Working-men's Evangelical Mission.

150th The Salvation Army.

Let this end an imperfect list! Behold the Salvation Agencies in old England! "If John Bull does not go straight to Paradise, it wont be for want of Religions enough." It will be certainly on account of not having one true religion in the pack.

Where, in all these, do you find that Unity that bespeaks a Divine origin—a foundation of immutable Truth—a continuation of an eternal mission? Not in any one of them. There is yet another Church, unnamed in this list, which still bears the sign of Salvation on its steeples and altars and that is *one* in its doctrines—*one* in its sacraments—*one* in its rites—*one* in its founder—*one* in its visible head on Earth—*one* in its means of salvation—*one* in its Faith—*one* in its destiny,—and that is the Holy Roman Catholic Church!

"Deluge after deluge may have desol-

ated the world—but that church stood erect —like some majestic monument in the desert of antiquity, just in its proportions, sublime in its associations, rich in the relics of its saints and cemented by the blood of its martyrs,—pouring forth, for ages, the unbroken series of its venerable hierarchy and only the more magnificent from the ruins by which it was surrounded." And today it towers aloft over the confusion of other sects, strong in its Faith as they are weak in their Infidelity.

The only Faith that is undivided and unchanged exists in the Catholic Church. All the others bespeak their earthly origin, they waver, they change, they are fickle. It, alone, of all the Churches is the object of the attacks made by Infidelity. It, alone, of all the denominations, is the target for the Secret Societies! They are and ever will be the

natural enemies of each other. So long as God and Satan are at war; so long as Heaven and Hell keep up the conflict; so long as Good and Evil disagree; so long as Faith and Infidelity contend for dominion—so long will the Catholic Church and the Secret Societies struggle against each other. The end must come, sooner or later, and Truth must triumph!

CHAPTER III.

THE MEANS AFFORDED BY THE CHURCH TO ENABLE THE FAITHFUL TO CONQUER IN THE BATTLE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG, TRUTH AND ERROR, FAITH AND INFIDELITY.

So far my little work has been retained within certain bounds, and not allowed to go beyond that field which is open both to the laity and the clergy. But I scarcely see how I can now properly treat of the subject, from the stand-point announced in the heading of this chapter, without, perhaps, intruding uponthe domain of those whose especial mission it is to preach the word of God, and to defend the Faith of Christ. Yet, I do not deem it necessary that Episcopal hands should consecrate and that the *Tu es Sa-*

cerdos in aeternum should be pronounced over a person, in order that he may have the right to attack Error or defend Truth whenever the occasion presents itself.

Were all Catholics afraid to advance their opinions, and, in consequence of that fear, to leave the whole burthen to the ministers of the Church, the cause of Faith would doubtlessly suffer. It is the business and duty of the clergy to uphold the doctrines of their church and to instruct the faithful—I consider it also to be the duty of every child of that Church, to aid them in their labors, in so far as he is competent and within his own sphere.

There are truths which every Catholic should make it his business to know, in order that, should circumstances demand it, he may be able to explain his creed and defend his Faith. There are places where

he may be and where the priest never is; there are persons with whom he may come in contact and with whom the priest never has any intercourse; there are occasions that arise for him and that seldom or never present themselves to the priest, in which he must know how to take his stand, or else blushingly withdraw and leave the field to those who would scoff at and make little of what he is taught to hold sacred.

I do not hereby advocate his establishing a pulpit of his own, or flying into polemics upon his own account. That would be advocating "individual interpretation," private judgment—therefore heresy.

But the Catholic, who submits his understanding to God and the Church, and who follows, in every particular her infallible guidance, has not only a right, but is to be blamed, if he fails, to aid by his word or pen,

the propagation of that Faith which is his own Salvation and the light that is to guide others to their destiny—happiness and peace on earth and glory eternal in heaven.

I do not think—therefore—that I am entering upon forbidden ground when I make use of a few pages, to point out some of the means that must be used and which are at the disposal of every one, to overcome the Spirit of Infidelity and to lift triumphantly aloft the heaven-woven banner of Faith.

Firstly Catholic Education! It is a sacred duty, imposed by God, upon Catholic parents, to see that their children receive Catholic Instruction and Education. If you can afford to send your child to school only for one year, or one month—let that year or month be spent by your child under those who will implant the Faith in his breast. It

is not all the same in the end, as some think. The child becomes a man, and he may be nominally a Catholic, yet thoroughly ignorant of his creed, and forever unable to defend his principles, if he receives the rudiments in schools where his Faith is ignored and attacked. What kind of soldier can he ever be in the ranks of the Church-Militant? A drone,—in the way for others—an assistant upon the side of Infidelity, nothing more or less! The first means, I repeat, is Catholic Education and Instruction. It is as much a duty for parents, as it is to have their child baptized or confirmed. They owe it to their Church and they will account severely for that neglect, some day or other —should they be guilty of it.

If it is a duty to instruct children in their Faith, it is consequently a duty to support and to encourage Catholic Schools, Catholic

Colleges, Catholic Universities, Catholic Convents! There is no getting out of it. And the one who gives a helping hand to Infidelity by sending his child to non-Catholic institutions, will have to bear the burthen of his fault, will be held responsible for the sin, scandal, impiety, irreligion, infidelity that may spring from the act.

The proper support of the clergy—the conserving of that dignity which should surround the Bishops and priests—the aid, in every work, that is of benefit to the Church; these are duties and means that *must* be used to materially help in the battle for supremacy, between Faith and Infidelity.

There are seven virtues that are in direct opposition to the seven deadly sins; could they be put into practice, men would become just, better in every way and, by the eloquence of their example, preach an

eternal crusade and wage an endless war against the powers of darkness. In opening the Holy Writ we find but one remark upon St. Joseph—the foster-father of Christ and husband of the B. V. Mary. In two words the writers tell his whole history—"*Justus est.*"—"He is the just man." Why do they say no more? Because in those two words we find every virtue and every perfection explained.

You have seen a ray of light decomposed in a prism? it forms the seven colors of the rainbow. Let each of those seven colors represent one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost,—unite the seven colors you have but one ray—unite the seven gifts and you have but one beam—*the just man*—that emanates from the Sun of Eternal Justice that glows in Eternity. It is a ray that can penetrate the deepest and darkest abyss of

Infidelity and crime, lighting it up with a splendour and dispersing the shadows of night.

Few, indeed, have the grace to possess those gifts as St. Joseph possessed them. But imperfect as our lives may be, we can nevertheless rise to a certain degree, by the great and all powerful means which is in the hands of each one—the humblest as well as the greatest. What is that means ?

It is PRAYER !

There is a Trinity in heaven—The Father, Son and Holy Ghost, forming a grand Unity—God ! The Church is also a Trinity, forming a mysterious unity. There is the Church-Triumphant in Heaven,—the Church-Suffering in Purgatory, — the Church-Militant on Earth ; all three form the Church of Christ. The golden chain that binds them, one to the other, is the chain of

prayer. One branch of that chain unites the saint in heaven with the faithful on earth; another branch unites the sufferer in Purgatory with the one who aids him from the earth,—and another branch has the first link rivetted to the altar herebelow, the centre link warm with the flames of that prison-house, where await the future saints their freedom, and the last link attached to the foot of God's Throne!

The Saints in heaven, being the intimate friends of God, have more power with Him than earthly sinners—therefore when we pray to a saint, asking his intercession in our behalf, he does so and the Almighty through him sends us the graces we need. The sufferer in Purgatory, who can no longer aid himself, looks to us, his friends to give him our assistance; and by our prayers, if we shorthen his time of pain, when he

reaches heaven, (even before, according to a very probable opinion) his gratitude will force him to use all his influence with God in our behalf. Therefore the Saints aid us, we aid the souls in Purgatory and they reciprocate, when it becomes our turn to need help. Thus that great union continues unbroken and that chain of prayer forms the grandest characteristic of the Church of Rome.

Thus speaking of Prayer, leads me to the refutation of certain errors very wide spread to-day. I have been asked, time and again, by separate brethren, certain questions upon points of our belief and I always answered them as clearly as I knew how—and according to the person who asked them and the circumstances under which they were asked. Two of these questions refer to Prayers. I will now place them on the page as they have been often made to me and I will

answer them in as short a manner as possible. The first question was asked by an Anglican minister some years ago.

The gentleman is now dead—he was a man of education and sincere in all he said, and when I gave my answer he replied that he never looked upon the question in that light before.

QUESTION : Please tell me why, in your church, your mass, vespers, and principal prayers at public service are said in Latin and not in the language of the people ?

ANSWER : In answer to your question, my friend, I must give you three distinct reasons why we make use of the Latin language.

1st Suppose we use the English language. —Every one who can speak English would certainly understand what was said,—but let a Frenchman, or German, or Italian, or a

men of any other nationality, who cannot understand English, come into church, most certainly the whole service might as well be in Greek or Latin for him. The church is Catholic, that is Universal ; she is prepared for the requirements of every people, every place and every language as well as every age. Catholicity is not a sect bound by nationality, or locality, color, or race !

2dly The English, or French, or any other modern language is a *live language*: that is to say, it is daily subject to changes and new words. It is not stable and unchanging like the *dead languages*, such as Latin, Greek, Hebrew, etc.

Consequently the ritual and forms would be exposed to constant change and all the errors of translation. Therefore a dead language is used, which has been and ever shall be the same. Moreover in our prayer-books

and manuals we have translations of the Latin for different peoples. You may ask me how do the uneducated know whether the translation is correct or not? I make answer that were it not correct the multitude of educated Catholics would discover the fraud and expose it. The Englishman or Frenchman has his prayer-book with the Latin as well as his own language in it.

3dly Most of the Catholic service is sung. And no language can equal the Latin in the facility it presents for *plain-chant*, or sacred, or Church music. Take for example the "*Magnificat: anima mea Dominum.*" We find those four words sung to the same notes as "*Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros: Abraham, et semini ejus in saecula.*" Try to sing the translations of those two verses and you must change notes, air, and music completely. The Latin alone suits Church music.

I will add to this answer that the use of the Latin language proves the Chuch to be ONE in all places and in all times. A person, who can only speak one language, goes into a Catholic church in Canada and hears mass; he afterwards goes to mass in New-York or SanFrancisco; it is the very same as that which he had heard in Canada. He then goes into a cathedral in Dublin or a Catholic chapel in London—and there the mass is the same. He then attends mass at Notre-Dame in Paris, or St. Peter's in Rome —the mass is again the same as in England, Ireland, or America. Let him then go to Jerusalem, or Hong-Kong, or to Australia, go where he may, at the Artic circle or the torrid line, the same mass is said all over.

No change, no difference, no alteration! And had he lived two hundred, or eighteen hundred years ago, he would have heard the

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same mass that he hears to-day—and those who may live in ages to come will hear the same mass that was heard in the Catacombs, the same that Leo XIII chants at Rome to-day, the same that will be sung before the last trumpet shall proclaim that time is no more. The sacrifice of Calvary—the scene of the last supper—shall never cease to be perpetuated unto the end of time. Therefore does the Catholic ritual prove the Unity, Catholicity, Universality, and Divine origin of the Church!

The second question was asked me, more than once, by persons of different denominations and I often answered it in a more joking way than any other—however I always paid attention to the clearness of my statement.

QUESTION: Why do you talk about souls in Purgatory?

We are not told in the Bible that there is such a place; let us have your opinion upon it.

ANSWER: We pray for the souls in Purgatory that they may be freed from the punishment due their sins. You state that the Bible does not tell you of Purgatory. I would first advise you to get *all* the Bible together and then you might find something. Look up the two books of Maccabees and you may hit upon some place where you are told that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." And while you are remodelling your Bible with those two books, you may as well issue another edition of the "Revised Testament," containing Tobias,—Judith,—Ecclesiasticus,—Baruch and a couple of Esdras. You may find it more complete after.

But to pray for the souls in Hell would be

a loss of time—for out of that place there is no redemption. To pray for the souls in Heaven would be as bad, for they do not need our aid, or prayers. Then what dead are we to pray for? He who dies in mortal sin goes to Hell,—he who dies in venial sin cannot enter Heaven, for "nothing defiled enters" there. Where then does that soul go? We call the place Purgatory and the name tells us that it is a place where they are purified from their sins before they can enter heaven. It is for the dead in that place that we pray.

Now permit me to answer the question—like my countryman—by asking another. Please tell me, where did Christ go after His death? You say to a place called Limbo where the souls of the just awaited Him, that He might free them and open the gates of Heaven for them, which had been,

closed by original sin. Now, why did Limbo exist and why were just souls there? Original sin blocked them out from Heaven and their holy lives prevented them from going to Hell. Is it any more wonderful that a Purgatory should exist after Christ than that a Limbo should exist before His time?

Just take down the sign-board "Limbo" that overhangs the door and replace it with that of "Purgatory" and you have our idea. It is not the name that makes the place. Provided you will only pray for the dead and in the same spirit that our Church prays for them—you may call the place what you like—meanwhile I call it Purgatory!

Most certainly we see by the history of our Faith that it is a *reasonable* Faith—one that is in accordance with reason, although human reason is not always in accordance with Faith. After prayer, the greatest means

we have at our disposal to conquer in this endless war, is *humility* and *obedience*—that is a submission of our will and reason to our Faith. Pride and Disobedience have caused all the errors and follies that man has to regret to-day. Humility and Obedience should replace them. The man who can obey is truly one fit to command.

Just a few days ago I received a report of an exquisite sermon on "Faith and Reason," preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Watterson, Bishop of Columbus, Ohio—at the Plenary Council of Baltimore. I cannot refrain from here quoting a part of the Exordium, as it is to the point. I would also suggest that the Catholics and Protestants of Canada would read over and study those admirable and masterly sermons, preached by different Bishops at the above-named Council. They can be found in the Catholic

papers of the United States and Canada of last winter. They form a glorious epitome of the Church's history and of her present condition.

The Very Rev. Bishop thus opens his sermon :

"A great number of persons, particularly young persons, are governed by fashion in the formation of their opinions. Some, without any pains to form opinions for themselves at all, allow their language and their outward actions to take their form and coloring from those with whom they associate. Many a young man has been foolish enough to say, not in his heart but with his lips, "there is no truth in revelation," because he hoped to gain *éclat*, by the wild impiety of his language. Many another, without knowledge, without examination, without reflection, has scoffed at all

beliefs in miracles and mysteries, in order to win the name of thinking for himself and bowing to no authority but that of his own individual reason. Irreligion is fashionable and therefore contagious. Incredulity is tempting, as the shortest way to a very pitiful kind of Ingersollian distinction. This evil, the bad legacy of three hundred and fifty years of disputation, doubt and denial in religious matters, is not yet completely exorcised. This anti-christian spirit, though often rebuked, is not yet banished—a long period must elapse before the world will see again what has been briefly, but happily, described as the age of Faith, an age in which all the civilized nations of the world will form a Christendom once more; when all will be united in the belief of the same religious truths and in the bonds of a common Christian brotherhood. We may salute

that blessed epoch from afar; we long for its advent, and each one, in his own way, and measure, does something to hasten its return; but no one of us may reasonably hope to witness its arrival and then sink to rest in peace with the *Nunc dimittis* on our lips!"

But as the Bishop tells us, it is the duty of each of us, in his own sphere and according to his means, to aid in the great work of the propagation of that Faith, which alone can lead us to peace, prosperity and happiness. It was this idea that suggested, principally, this little work. It may be very small, but even the widow's mite was acceptable. And although none of us may expect to see in our time a universal restoration of Faith, yet, let us have the consolation of having given a helping hand in the grand struggle.

Look at the world to-day. In the natural

order, earthquakes, avalanches, storms, volcanos, and plagues—bringing destruction and desolation upon mankind,—in the political and social orders, wars and rumors of wars, political plottings, murders, explosions, etc., with a whole train of horrors causing humanity to tremble,—in the moral order, demoralization rampant, impiety lauded from the house-tops, infidelity propagated on all sides, Secret societies undermining religion, and crime let loose upon the earth. Can this last forever? Do—"coming events cast their shadows before?" Can it be that these are but the heralds of darker hours?

We know not, but most assuredly it is high time for the world to be on its guard. The watchman from the tower, upon the seven hills, has issued forth a warning, let the sentinels in the valley look out—be on the *qui vive!* A trumpet-voice from beyond

the Alps has summoned the Catholics of the world to awaken from their indifferentism, slumber and lethargy, and shall we still be silent and not carry the signal from place to place, as of old the *phares* of La Basse-Bretagne flashed their signals from steeple to steeple?

I have pointed out where Infidelity is to be found—where Faith reigns—and I have told you some of the principal means whereby the latter may be raised in triumph upon the ruins of the former. Now, at the risk of offending the critic, I will go beyond my limit and consecrate a few pages to an appeal on behalf of the Faith, that its soldiers may fall in and prepare for that strife which I clearly see is not far off. I do not refer to any physical battle, but to that moral struggle in which the giants of intellect shall wrestle for supremacy.

I see it, clearly, collecting the scattered fragments of its cloudlets along the horizon —soon they will be united in one fearful mass—one immense storm—and when, amidst the lightning flash and thunder-peal, the tornado sweeps down, we should be prepared to meet it. Trim our sails—reef our main-top-gallant and royals,—clue up our mizzen-topsail—and let go our halliards, make all snug aboard—that the old barque may lay too and weather the storm, as she so gallantly met those of centuries; and when it will be all over and a purer sky and calmer sea shall greet out vision—may we behold, along the horizon, the glorious sign of land—of that eternal port—that haven wherein we shall cast our anchor of Hope and go ashore to join those happy sea-farers who preceded us in their voyages and who

now enjoy rest, peace and happiness everlasting!

In the late lamented Irish Poet—Denis Florence McCarthy's beautiful poem on "Alice and Una," one of those fairy tales that people the hills and vales, towers and shrines of the dear old land with a million creatures of fancy, we read these very touching and descriptive lines:

"The *Past* shines clear and pleasant—
There is glory in the *Present*,
And the *Future*, like a crescent—
Lights the deepening sky of Time;
And that sky will yet grow brighter,
If the *Worker* and the *Writer*,
And the *Sceptre* and the *Mitre*,
Join in sacred bond sublimes!
With two glories shining o'er them,
Up the coming years they 'll climb
Earth's great evening as its prime."

The union of the Worker and the Writer and the co-operation of the Sceptre and the Mitre are as necessary to-day as of old. There was a time when Faith held sway on earth, in those days, when the State and the Church were in harmony—when the physical laborer and the mental worker were in unison. Will that glorious epoch ever revisit the earth ? To-day Society disowns Religion—the state acknowledges not the Authority of God and we see as a natural consequence of such an antagonism, that disorder social, moral and natural reigns almost supreme. It is the duty of every Catholic to strive, so far as in him lies, to bring about again that happy union of temporal and spiritual authority, in order that the days of Infidelity may be soon numbered in the land and that the hour of Faith's triumph may ring out !

The means of prayer must not be overlooked. When Jacob slept, he beheld a ladder, based on earth and reaching the heavens. Up and down it Angels were moving. A glorious picture of our prayers. Ever and always are those heavenly messengers around and about us. Our prayer is borne by the ascending spirit and deposited at the footstool of God—the Recording Angel marks it down, and immediately another is dispatched from heaven to carry to us those graces and gifts which we ask and which are never refused. Up and down the ladder of prayer, millions and millions of angels have, untiringly journeyed, since the first "Our Father" was spoken by Christ, through the ages, down to our day. And as those ascending spirits ceased to move for want of messages—so the descending spirits ceased to come to earth with blessings from above.

Of late that ladder has been little used in this world. It is time that those heavenly messengers should be given fresh and abundant employment. Their gifts are badly needed. We can trust in prayer, but we must also back up those prayers by actions and unite in the work that is cut out for us.

Richard Dalton Williams, one of the sweetest poets of the "Nation," in his tender address to his native land and his lament on leaving it, let his mind rush back into the region of reflection, and in his poem "Ben Heber," he tell us what life is and what our grand duties are :

> "When first I trod
> On this breezy sod,
> To me, it was holy ground,
> For genius and beauty, rays of God,
> Like a swarm of stars were 'round ;
> But I have learn'd rude lessons since then,
> In life's disenchanted hall ;

I have scann'd the motives and ways of men,
And a skeleton grins through all !
Of the great life treasures
Of heart and trust,
I exulted to feel mine own ;
There remains in this down-trod
Temple of dust,
But Faith in God alone !"

In every land and in every tongue the same idea has been preached by poet, orator and hero.

Even Racine—France's great and immortal dramatic and lyric poet, expresses the same sentiment, which he puts into the mouth of Joad the high-priest, as he answers Abner, the faithful soldier, who comes to warn him of the dangers that Athalie has prepared for him :

" Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sait aussi des méchants arrêter les complots,

Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, et n'ai point d'autre
[crainte!"

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom" says the wisest of all men, all kings and all writers. Firstly let us strive to become wise, through that means and then, having a trust, like Williams, in the Most-High, and seeking His aid, we can feel confident that no matter what we attempt, must sooner or later be crowned with success. It is the duty of each one to make use of his faculties and direct his energies for and towards that grand end.

Horace, the famous Latin Poet sings a great truth in one of his odes: "*In medio stat virtus*" "In the middle is the strength:" and Ovid, when giving instructions to Phaeton, through the medium of the "Day-God," expresses the same idea: "*In medio*

tutissimus ibis" "In the middle course you will go the safest." Extremes are ever most dangerous. So it is in religion. There may be an over-wrought zeal that will lead a person into the extreme of bigotry and intolerance, that makes him see no good in those that are not of his opinions and no faults in those that believe with him. It is a mistaken earnestness that can lead a man to that degree. Yet there is the opposite extreme into which too many now-a-days fly: that of admitting, for the sake of being agreeable, all that can be said or done against the creed he holds. The one is as great a proof of temerity as the other is an evidence of cowardice. They should be both avoided!

I may be asked where I procured some of the information, about certain societies, that I give in these pages. I got it where any attentive reader of history can procure

the same. History is more than a mere enumaration of facts, persons and dates: it is a record of the past and a guide for the future. He who will read it attentively will find that, in the most general history of the world, if well studied, attention being paid to cause and effect, that all I have said, either about Infidelity or Faith may be found.

I believe there are many men—and I know some—who differ honestly from my ideas and creed,—and while giving them full credit for their good faith and honest intentions, I merely ask from them the same favor for myself and my co-religionists. But I have no quarter for those, who professing a true faith, knowing it to be such, are ever ready to deny it by their blushes, their silence or their fawning sycophancy. I have met numbers of them and they are greater friends of Infidelity and greater enemies of

Faith than the Ingersolls of our day or the Paines and Voltaires of the past.

They imagine, thereby, to gain the esteem and win the admiration of those who do not profess their belief,—but they ever and always produce the contrary effect. They may suit as tools in the hands of others, but they are neither trusted, honored, nor respected.

I will illustrate my idea by two striking examples. In the year 1882, I was invited by a Rev. Canon of the Anglican Church, to dine with his family, on a Friday. The clergyman had been an old friend of our family and I always looked upon him as the type of a true gentleman, one who had tender feelings and who would never dream of hurting the most delicate feelings of any one. I called at a quarter to one—the hour appointed. After a few moments pleasant

conversation, I was ushered into the dining-room. The idea of it being Friday had never occured to me, until I looked at the table. There was a fine boiled salmon at one end and some black bass at the other. But not a scrap of meat upon the table. We dined and no remark was passed, by any one present, about the dishes.

On leaving I remarked to the gentleman that I had noticed the absence of meat—his reply struck me most forcibly. "My dear friend," he said, "it is my rule in life never to offend any one, and I could not invite you here to risk making you feel inconvenient. I perfectly well know that had I meat, none but my own family, would partake of it and you would, may be, feel yourself like a solitary *oasis* in a *des(s)ert*."

This play upon the words showed the old-man's ready wit—but that act of foresight

proved how much respected a man's feelings are and how his religious duties are admired even by those who do not believe in the tenets of his creed. That man rose, at once, a hundred degrees in my esteem, and had I been weak-minded enough to have said (as I have heard others say), that, I did not mind eating meat when I pleased —I would have fallen forever, in a like degree, in his estimation, respect, and maybe friendship.

The second example, I take from the words of a Protestant merchant of Quebec. This gentleman had in his employ a Catholic young man. Rumor went afloat that the clerk was not over honest. However nothing ever transpired to prove the truth of the report. One day, in the fall of 1880, the young man received orders to call at the country residence of his employer to do

some extra work. He was also invited to six o'clock dinner. It was a Friday. There were both fish and meat on the table. When asked which he preferred, said: "I will take meat; this fish business is good enough for priest-lovers and children." He received the meat. After dinner the master asked him, if he would not like to turn Methodist. At once the clerk replied that he would sooner do anything than turn, *because he was too well known in town.*

After the work was done, the gentleman handed the clerk a cheque for the amount due him and dismissed him from his employment, with the following words: "I heard that you were not very honest, I did not believe the accusation to be true—nor do I yet think you have ever been really dishonest with me; but I cannot trust you. The man who can break the commands of his

Church to cringe to any earthly power, much less to please a sinner like me, is a man that can break the confidence of his employer. And the man who would change his creed, if he thought that no one would know of it, is a man that would rob his employer, or even take his life, if he thought he could escape punishment. If you want to be respected by others, respect yourself; and if you desire to succeed in life, either obey your Church or at once openly turn from her. The latter you *wont* do—the former you *must* do. Good-evening, sir!"

My Essay draws to a close. I feel that I have poorly fulfilled what I promised in the preface. But since that preface and the first ten pages of the work were written, my position changed and my duties, in other spheres, crowded upon me. I was forced to abandon this Essay completely or else cut

it short and present merely a plan of what such a work might be. I thought that some better learned, more talented and less venturesome pen might some day, complete what I, so imperfectly, commenced. Yet, should what I have written fill up any little chink I will be more than satisfied.

In concluding, I will ask of those who may find that their creeds or societies are attacked by me, to believe me when I state, that I do not in any place refer to individuals, but only to principles and establishments. I do not strike at persons, but at ideas and organizations. I may mistake—for I am not infallible—(I acknowledge only one infallible being on earth, and that only under given circumstances)—I may fall into some mistakes—if I do I now make amend therefore by wholly or partially withdrawing *what can be proved to me to be wrong.*

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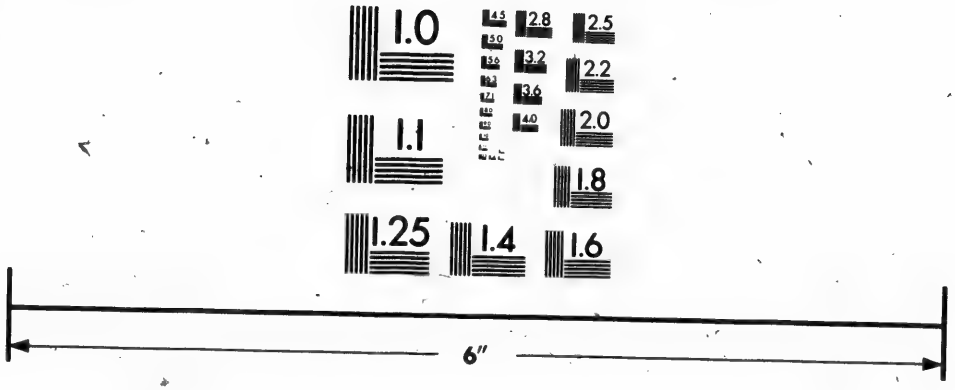

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So much for those whose principles are herein attacked!

A word to the Catholic readers! You have toiled through these ill-composed pages with courage and I trust that if there is any benefit to be gleaned from them that you may have been able to take the wheat from the chaff and to place it aside in your granary for use on future occasions. Be faithful to your Faith—be hopeful of your Hope—and be charitable in your Love and the reward will yet come, when you least expect it.

To the Critics! I can only say—you may find my phrase harsh, my language poor, my plan feeble, my division incorrect, my English abominable. I care not for all that, for you would be pretty right in so judging my work. But I defy you to prove my ar-

guments unfounded—my history inexact—or my principles faulty!

And to the Church! The Guardian of Faith—the Temple of Immortality—the Shrine of Divinity—the Sanctuary of Love—the Anchor of Hope—the Protector of Virtue—the Terror of Hell—the Ship of Safety, I will say but one word—may your triumphs be great, may your glory appear in all ends of the earth, and may the silver shafts of your Faith, pierce the clouds of Infidelity that o'er hang the world to-day! From the fulness of my heart I cry out to you, oh! Spouse of the Lamb! oh! Mother of Love!—*Esto Perpetua!*

And to the God of ages, the Creator, Redeemer and future Judge of Heaven and Earth it is but just that we should offer a prayer! Let us pray to Him, then, to look down upon the soldiers "fighting the good

fight," to guide His representatives in the ways of Wisdom that they may restore the ancient splendor of the "Ages of Faith,"—and when the banner of the cross is unfurl'd, fanned by the breezes of every land, bright beneath the sunbeams of every clime, blessed and acknowledged by every people—to raise up a harper like David of old—to cleanse his lips as he did those of the prophet Isaiah—that, while he is making the e[illegible]ring with the praises and the triumphs of the Church, he may worthily chant the deathless anthem:

"Te Deum laudamus!
Te Dominum Confitemur!"

END.

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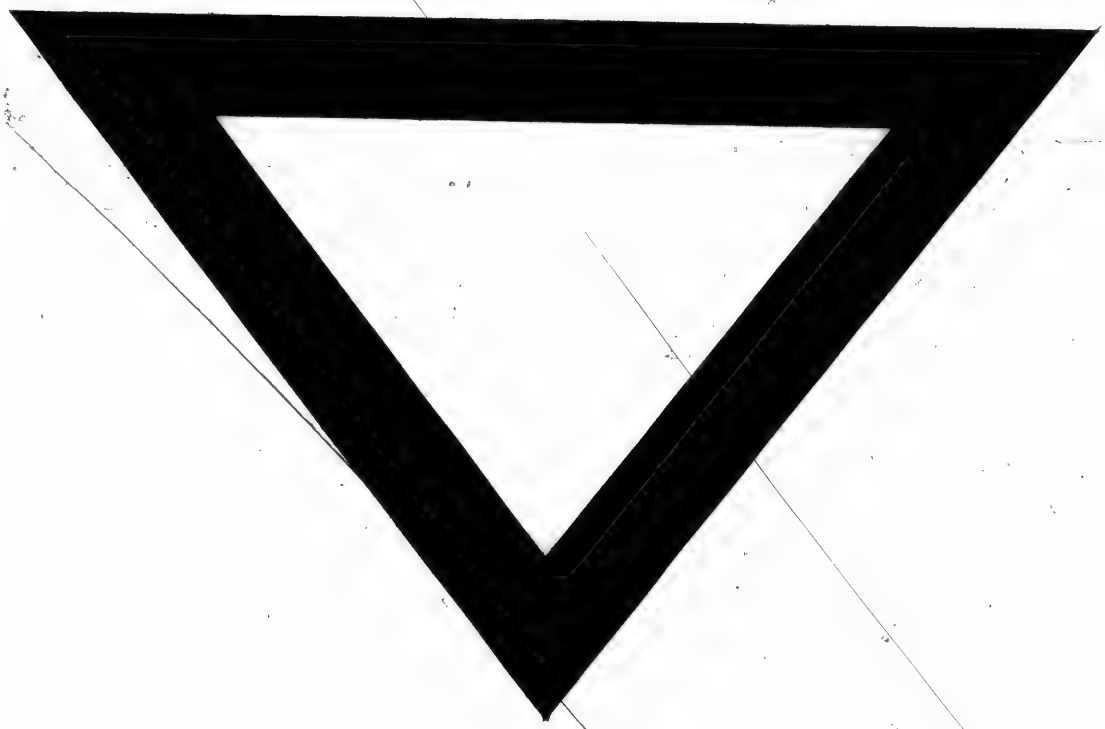
TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFACE	7
The Spirit of the Age	15
CHAPTER I.—What is the Spirit of our Age?	22
CHAPTER II.—What should be the Spirit of our Age?	81
CHAPTER III.—The means afforded by the Church to enable the Faithful to conquer in the battle between right and wrong, truth and error, faith and infidelity	143